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NARRATIVE

OF

A TOUR TAKEN IN THE YEAR 1667,

TO

La Grande Chartreuse and Alet,

BY

DOM CLAUDE LANCELOT,

AUTHOR OF THE PORT ROYAL GRAMMARS;

INCLUDING

SOME ACCOUNT OF

DOM ARMAND JEAN LE BOUTHILLIER DE RANCÉ,

REVEREND FATHER ABBÉ, AND REFORMER

OF THE

MONASTERY OF NOTRE DAME DE LA TRAPPE;

WITH NOTES;

AND

AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING SOME PARTICULARS RESPECTING

M. DU VERGER DE HAURANNE, ABBÉ DE ST. CYRAN;
CORNELIUS JANSENIUS, BISHOP OF YPRES;

AND ALSO

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE CELEBRATED INSTITUTION

OF

PORT ROYAL.

This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only *true God*, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. JOHN, chap. xvii. ver. 3.

No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the *Holy Spirit*. 1 COR. chap. xii. ver. 3.

In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him. ACTS, chap. x. ver. 35.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. AND A. ARCH, CORNHILL.

1813.

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S32

J. M'Creery, Printer,
Black-Horse-Court, London.

PREFACE.

DOM LANCELOT's Tour to Alet is one of the smaller productions edited with his "Memoires de St. Cyran, in 1738."

All the writings of the Port Royal school are valuable, from the exalted piety, and the profound erudition which distinguished their authors. They derive a peculiar interest too from the protracted persecutions they endured; and which at length involved that celebrated institution in an untimely destruction.

This little piece, like the other productions of Port Royal, is characterized by the spirit of piety which pervades it. The new field also which it presents to the generality of English readers, renders it curious. Both the customs alluded to and the persons described are little known in this country. The sub-

stance of true religion must indeed be ever the same. Yet the spirit of piety is susceptible of new modifications, when presented in combination with habits of thinking and acting foreign from our own.

Like the other works too of Port Royal, Dom Lancelot's tour is diffuse and prolix. It is encumbered by a profusion of extraneous matter, and fatigues by the minute detail of particulars from which the lapse of an hundred and fifty years has taken away all interest. Whole pages are filled with tedious and abstruse disquisitions on a controversy long since dismissed from public attention.

Other passages weary by the enumeration of ceremonies confined in England to a small portion of its inhabitants, and the minute details of which would be wholly unintelligible to a protestant public. But above all, it is tedious from the protracted relation of petty occurrences relating to a numerous circle of undistinguished private acquaintance. These ought to have been suppressed by the French editor.

The tour to Alet was never intended for

publication by its author. It was a confidential letter to an highly respected and intimate friend. Whilst then it partakes of the piety of the writer, and relates many curious circumstances, it cannot excite wonder to find them buried and almost suffocated beneath a load of minutiæ solely interesting to the peculiar age, and the identical circle in which it was written.

The little work now presented to the public was originally designed to comprise all that was interesting in Lancelot's tour. It was intended to include every fact which was curious, and every sentiment which was valuable.

The selection has been made with various degrees of precision. Where a passage appeared peculiarly striking, or free from digression, it has been rendered with a degree of fidelity approaching to the accuracy of translation.

Under other circumstances a different method has been pursued.

Where the original appeared involved with

extraneous subjects, and encumbered by detail, or where it seemed needful to elucidate Lancelot's idea by combining it with information derived from other sources, a greater latitude has been allowed. In this case the fact or sentiment alone has been preserved, and an entire liberty has been used as to the expression. This occurs in a very great number of instances.

A considerable number of passages have been wholly suppressed. They appeared entirely destitute of every claim on the curiosity or interest of a modern reader.

To convince a person of this, it will be necessary only to mention them.

One of the passages contains a conversation between Dom Lancelot and M. Pavillon, on some chronological tables just then published at Port Royal. Another is a circumstantial account of the mode of performing the cathedral service at Alet; a third gives a long description of a belt embroidered by the nuns of Port Royal, and presented by them to the bishop. It is succeeded by a prolix recital of all the compliments passed on the occasion.

These, with many other passages of a similar and equally uninteresting nature, are entirely omitted.

By this means the original work became curtailed nearly one half.

Whilst so much has been on the one hand suppressed; nearly as much has, on the other, been added.

M. Lancelot often makes incidental allusions to persons and institutions familiarly known in France; but with which the English are comparatively but little conversant. These it became necessary to introduce to the English reader. Without some explanation the original would have been unintelligible. For this purpose recourse was had to other authors. The information they supplied was meant to be abridged, and added in the form of notes.

It was, however, suggested, that the necessity of constantly referring to the end of a book occasions a most wearisome and unseasonable interruption. On second thoughts, therefore, it seemed preferable to interweave

into the text all that information which appeared requisite to render it intelligible.

As it now stands, nothing remains in the notes but what may be perused separately.

It seems almost superfluous to add, that this necessary liberty inevitably occasioned a still farther departure from Dom Lancelot's original narrative.

The added passages needed to be combined into one whole, to be so modelled that the various joinings on (if the expression may be allowed) might not glaringly appear. Whilst the information derived from a variety of other authors was accurate in point of fact, it was requisite that, with respect to turn of thought and expression, it should coalesce with the work into which it was incorporated.

These licenses having been assumed, the Tour to Alet now presents a tout ensemble very different from the original. It has certainly no pretensions to be offered as a translation of Dom Lancelot's work.

On the other hand, though widely differ-

ing from what his work *is*, this little narrative is yet offered, with some degree of confidence, as a faithful representation of what the writer believes M. Lancelot's work *would* have been, had it been addressed to an English instead of a French reader; and had it, instead of being addressed to a cotemporary, been designed for those who would view the transactions of the age from the distance of an hundred and fifty years.

This pretension, however, is to be understood with due allowance. It is not pretended that the tameness of a translation can vie with the spirit of an original. Nor that the transcript of an undistinguished copiest can bear a competition with the work of the celebrated master whom he imitates.

It is not supposed either that every possible mistake or inaccuracy is excluded. It were almost impossible this should be the case, where every character is new and every custom foreign from our own. Nevertheless it has been the writer's wish to preserve the most strict fidelity in point of fact. And not only so. Equal pains have been taken to maintain, in every part, the spirit and turn

of sentiment which characterizes the original.

With respect to the facts, the authorities were mentioned throughout at the foot of each page. This was done with a double view. Where passages have been collected from various sources, it seemed desirable that the reader should have an opportunity of examining their authenticity and appreciating the authority; but finding that this mode of reference was likely to take up a great deal of room, it has been thought better, once for all, to subjoin a list of the authors whence the information was derived.

Secondly, it is well known how deeply much of the French literature, current in England, has been tinctured with the venom of infidelity. It was believed that it would not be unacceptable to parents to be furnished with a list of works of a different description. Authors who convey much curious information, and whose works are all calculated to impress a pious spirit.

With respect to the mode of expression and turn of thought. The sentiments not

translated from the tour to Alet, are mostly borrowed from the Port Royal authors. For these no authorities are marked, it appeared needless to give citations where so considerable a degree of latitude has been used.

The reader, however, who is well versed in these writers, will readily detect the sources whence they are derived.

It has been considered, that in every instance where it was possible, the appropriation of sentiments from the Port Royal school would preserve the sentiments of Lancelot with more fidelity than additions from any other source.

One observation should not be omitted. It has been the editor's wish every where to give correct dates. Where it has been in the editor's power they have been compared in distinct authors. In some cases, however, this was impossible. For one or two facts the Dictionnaire Historique (edition 1804) was the only authority at hand. In this valuable work the dates are singularly incorrect. Probably this may be owing to their being ex-

pressed in figures instead of in words. Hence, although much care has been taken to prevent mistakes, it is not impossible but that some error may have escaped unnoticed. In almost every instance, however, the dates have been ascertained by a reference to corresponding events in other authors.

The title of Dom Lancelot's letter to Mother Angelica is still retained, because it is in fact the substratum of this little work, and because it furnishes by far the greatest share in its materials. It is retained without scruple, because the degree in which it has pretensions to be considered as his has been so fully and so exactly ascertained.

Another remark ought also to be made. Much is said in this little work of the conduct of the Jesuits. It ought to be said, that the whole information is solely derived from the Port Royal writers. And in any event those who, on weighing the evidences on both sides, cannot exculpate them from blame, as it respects Port Royal, will yet think that their conduct towards the Jansenists ought not, in fairness, to be ad-

verted to without, at the same time, remembering their beneficent influence in Paraguay and in the islands of Japan.

The following little work does not profess to be an history of Jansenism, formed upon a collation of authorities on both sides, it simply purports to give a faithful abstract of the Port Royal accounts of their persecutions.

The following observations were suggested by the remarks of some friends. The preface being already printed, they are now added in the form of a note.

The author wishes to add one observation, relative to the style adopted in the succeeding essay.

It has been endeavoured strictly to preserve the character of the original.

The style of the Port Royal writers is marked by a decidedly religious phraseology: But this, literally translated, would have presented peculiarities foreign to that of protestant readers. The substitution of that of any other denomination, would have been equally objectionable to those not belonging to it. Nevertheless the adoption of the style suited to literature or science, would have entirely destroyed the religious character of the original.

With a view then, at once to preserve the character of Lancelot, and to avoid the adoption of partial technical terms, the author has endeavoured every where to adopt a scriptural phraseology, both as the true classical language of religion, as that which is common to all denominations, and as that best calculated to present a real semblance of the venerable original.

The grand truths of the Gospel will be recognized by the sincerely religious, even if not clothed in their own peculiar phraseology; and the benevolently philosophical, will discover genuine philanthropy and universal benevolence, even though expressed in language which they may have been accustomed to imagine, necessarily associated with bigotry and intolerance.

We will not pay our readers the bad compliment of supposing them amongst those, who are diverted by words, from the perception of things.

July 15, 1813.

INTRODUCTION,

CONTAINING SOME NECESSARY PRELIMINARY INFORMATION RESPECTING

DOM CLAUDE LANCELOT.

Dom Claude Lancelot was born at Paris in the year 1616. He was early distinguished for piety and learning. At the age of two-and-twenty he became acquainted with Jean du Verger de Hauranne, the celebrated Abbé of St. Cyran, the friend and companion of Jansenius. This man was equally distinguished as the founder of the learned institution of Port Royal; and as the first and chief promulger of Jansenism. Lancelot became devotedly attached to his master, and soon proved one of the most eminent disciples of the Port Royal school. Associated by his introduction to Port Royal with Arnauld, Pascal, Nicole, and Saci, he was soon

as much distinguished for his philological, as these great men were, for their moral and theological works. Equally esteemed for erudition, for piety, and for conciliating manners, he was selected with Nicole, to superintend the Port Royal school at Chênet. The celebrated Tillemont, Le Nain, Racine, and the Duke de Chevreuse, the beloved friend of Fénélon, were amongst his scholars. To him chiefly, Europe is indebted for the Port Royal Latin, Greek, Spanish, and Italian grammars. He was also author of the collection of Greek primitives, and of two volumes, octavo, containing memoirs of his patron the Abbé de St. Cyran, and other miscellaneous pieces. After the malice of the Jesuits had succeeded in abolishing the Port Royal schools, Dom Lancelot became tutor to the young princes of Conti. At the death of the princess, their mother, in 1672, he assumed the rule and habit of St. Bennet, in the abbey of St. Cyran. The persecution of the Jansenists was still zealously pursued by the Jesuits. Their intrigues prevailed in gaining over the court party. Their united influence succeeded. Port Royal des Champs and the monastery of St. Cyran were both levelled to the ground, and their pious in-

habitants exiled or imprisoned. Dom Claude Lancelot was banished to Quimperley in Lower Brittany. He lived to witness the final destruction of those places so endeared to him; and the banishment or death of all the pious friends of his youth whom he most fondly loved. Yet God enabled him to rejoice amidst persecution, to bless his enemies, and to endure unto the end. He died in the odor of sanctity, rich in faith and good works. His life was stormy, his latter end peaceful and glorious. He entered into his eternal reward 15 April, 1712, at the advanced age of ninety-seven. The inhabitants of Quimperley still treasure up his habit as a precious relic. Dom Lancelot composed several learned treatises on the rule of St. Bennet. They are highly esteemed, but are not interesting to general readers.

LIST

OF THE

AUTHORITIES

CONSULTED IN THIS WORK.

MEMOIRES de St. Cyran, par Dom Claude Lancelot, religieux de l'ordre de S. Benoit, 2 vols. 12mo.

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Unpublished Tour to La Trappe and to the South of France.

NARRATIVE OF A TOUR

TO THE

GRANDE CHARTREUSE, &c.

Alet, Christmas Eve, 1667.

My Reverend Mother,

I look upon it as a most peculiar blessing of God, that after calling me out of the world by his grace, his kind providence placed me in so close a connexion with your honored house. The Lord bestow upon me a grateful heart to appreciate such mercies! May he bestow that preparation by which it may not only receive the seed of the word, but like good ground, retain it! May it, by the fulness of his grace, bring forth fruit an hundred-fold to his glory! And may he grant the understanding heart, that I may discern the mercies of his providence, as well as the awakened eye, to behold the wonders of his law.

It is the earnest wish of my heart, that every one of my dear friends at Port Royal, should become partakers of all the Lord's benefits to me. I can indeed teach nothing new, to my dear and honored fathers and mothers in Christ. A relation of my little tour, may perhaps, however, interest you, and beguile some tedious hours of your long and cruel captivity.

We left Paris on the sixth of August, 1667. We passed through Auxerre, Vezelay, and the celebrated Clugny. We also went to Lyons, where we visited the church of the great Irenæus.

We afterwards proceeded to Annecy, where we had the favour to see the mortal remains of the great St. Francis de Sales. They remain in their natural position, and are placed in a shrine by the grand altar; very near to the tomb of the celebrated Baroness de Chantal. Thus has God in his providence ordered, that these two blessed saints, so united in spirit during life, should, like Saul and Jonathan, not be separated after death. Both their bodies sleep in the same church, whilst both their redeemed spirits rejoice together, before the throne of the same Savior.

I forgot to mention, that whilst at Lyons we went to see the monastery of Bellecourt, where St. Francis spent his last hours.

We visited the room where he died; and poured out our souls in prayer close to the very bed, from which the soul of this eminent saint departed from earth, to behold the glory of his Lord. This place

might indeed be termed a garret, rather than any thing else. It is now a sort of lumber-room, in the roof of the gardener's lodge, who still occupies the lower apartments, and talked, with tears, of the blessed St. Francis, often repeating his last words, "O! my God, my desire is to thee. As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God! Yes, mine eyes shall behold thee, and not another; my heart and my flesh rejoice before the living God! I shall enter his gates with thanksgiving, and his courts with praise! I will sing the mercies of the Lord for ever and ever. O, when shall I appear before my God in Zion. He, Jesus, is a faithful God, and a Savior! He was the Lamb slain for the sins of the whole world. He shall wash out my sins, and blot out my transgressions!"

Whilst contemplating his earthly remains, a little incident concerning this truly venerable father in Israel, occurred to my remembrance. Perhaps you may not have heard it, though it relates to your father M. Arnauld d'Andilly. Whilst M. d'Andilly had an office at court, he was in the King's suite at Lyons. St. Francis had been sent to Paris on an embassy, by the Duke of Savoy; and it so happened that just at this period, he passed through Lyons, on his way back. He celebrated mass before the King, and M. d'Andilly communicated at his hand, with the rest of the court. It is needless to remind *you* of the deep humility and devotion always expressed in your father's man-

ner on this solemn ordinance. M. Robert Arnauld having been formerly acquainted with St. Francis, on his first visit to Paris, M. d'Andilly thought himself sufficiently authorized to call upon him. Accordingly he waited on the Bishop after dinner.

As soon as M. d'Andilly entered the room, before he was announced, St. Francis rose to meet him, and addressed him in these remarkable words, " My son, for such I knew you to be in the breaking of bread." The venerable Bishop then lifted up his hands to heaven, and gave him a most solemn and affecting blessing. St. Francis three days after entered into the joy of his Lord. So that your father was favored with the dying benediction of this truly eminent and blessed saint.

This circumstance has often put me in mind of a favorite remark of M. de Balzac. He used to say, " That amidst the corruptions of a court, M. Arnauld d'Andilly was the only man, who set an eminent example of all the moral virtues, without pride, and who dared be conspicuous for all the christian graces, without false shame."

From Annecy we proceeded to the Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble.

All I had heard of this astonishing seclusion falls infinitely short of the reality. No adequate description can be given of the awful magnificence of this dreary solitude.

We travelled for some hours through a very thinly inhabited country. Here and there a few

scattered huts are interspersed. At length even these were no longer to be seen. Nothing met the eye but barren wastes, or dark forests, which seemed of an almost interminable length, and which were nearly impervious to the light. We saw during the morning many herds of wild deer, with hares and foxes in great numbers; and not unfrequently we were alarmed at the howling of wolves. Gradually the forests become hilly, then rocky. Our attention was solely taken up with the romantic beauty of the scenery, when the forest suddenly opened, and we saw before us, what is properly the entrance to the desert of the Grande Chartreuse.

Imagine a gloomy forest abruptly terminated by immense mountains. The tops covered with snow, and the sides presenting a bare front of naked rock, and beetling brows, undiversified by the least symptom of vegetation.

The desert of the Chartreuse is wholly inaccessible but by one exceedingly narrow defile. This pass, which is only a few feet wide, is indeed truly tremendous. It winds between stupendous granite rocks, which overhang above; and appear ready every moment to fall with a dreadful crash, and overwhelm the awe-struck traveller. Indeed the crags above project so far beyond the perpendicular; that they appear literally suspended without support.

They cast such an awful gloom on the path, that our horses as well as ourselves, seemed im-

pressed with fear, and ready to start back at the strangeness of the scene, and the sullen hollow echo of every footfall.

At the farther end of the defile is a most romantic mountain torrent. We crossed it on a rude stone bridge; and by a sudden wind in the road, immediately saw before us the tremendous Alp, on which the monastery is placed. In order to give you any idea of its position, I should observe, that the mountain on which it is situated, though apparently of an inaccessible height, is yet surrounded on every side by rocks still more elevated, whose summits are covered with perpetual snows.

No sooner is the defile passed, than nothing which possesses either animal or vegetable life is seen.

No huntsman winds his horn in these dreary solitudes; no shepherd's pipe is allowed to disturb the deep repose. It is not permitted the mountaineers ever to lead their flocks beyond the entrance; and even beasts of prey seem to shrink back from the dreaded pass, and instinctively to keep away from a desert, which neither furnishes subsistence nor covert.

Nothing meets the eye but tremendous precipices and rude fragments of rock, diversified with glaciers in every possible fantastic form.

Our mules began slowly to ascend. The path is rocky, and winds round the mountain. How to describe the terrors of the ascent I know not.

Sometimes it was only a narrow ledge, scarcely affording footing for our mules, and overhanging dizzy precipices below. At others the rocks, jutting out above, overhung till they formed a complete arch over our heads, and rendered the path so dark, that we could scarcely see to pick our way. Frequently huge fragments of rock fell with a tremendous crash from above, always threatening instant destruction, and occasionally wholly blocking up the road. We were then obliged to use tools which we brought on purpose, to make fresh stepping places. Once we had to pass over a narrow pine-plank, which shook at every step; this was placed by way of bridge over a yawning chasm, which every moment threatened to ingulph the traveller in its marble jaws. We often passed close by the side of abysses so profound as to be totally lost in darkness; whilst the awful roaring of the waters struggling in their cavities, shook the very rocks on which we trod.

We laid the bridle on our mules' necks in silence; lifting up our hearts to that great and inscrutable Being, who has created so many wonders, and whose eternal Godhead and almighty power are thus awfully and clearly written, even from the creation of the world, in the things which he has made.

As we ascended still higher, we were every now and then disturbed by the hoarse screams of the eagles (the only tenants of these deserts), who started from their eyries at the sudden disruption

of the masses of rock above, and wheeled in long circles round the mountain.

After some hours' toiling in this manner, and at the height of about half-a-league, we reached the precincts, or rather outward court of the monastery. This building is not a part of the Convent itself, but is a distinct establishment, composed of lay-brothers, or other persons, who wish to be under the direction of the Chartreux, without wholly conforming to the severity of their rule. These persons chiefly manage the temporal concerns of the community; and by their industry their few wants are easily supplied. All round the court are cells, for the residence of those amongst them who occupy their working hours in the various handicraft labours necessary to the whole community.

Here we gladly partook of some refreshment. Our journey, however, was not so soon terminated. We ascended a quarter of a league farther, before we came to the monastery itself.

The difficulties in the first part of our ascent, appeared mere trifles to those we had to encounter in the latter. The snow rendered the path so dubious, and the ice made it so slippery, that we scarcely took a step but at the imminent hazard of our lives. The constant sliding of loose stones under the snow added to the risk. Our gracious Lord, however, preserved us from painful fear; how often have we experienced his kind protection and mercies, even before we knew him, and before we

had devoted our hearts to him. In your long captivity he still spreads beneath you his everlasting arms! and in our journeyings for his sake, he who keeps Israel without slumbering or sleeping, blessed our coming in, as he had our going out. He mercifully preserved us from all evil; and above all, he preserved our souls. Before sun-set we reached the Convent grate.

The monastery itself is as striking as the approach; its prodigious strength and high antiquity give it a singularly venerable appearance. The circumstances of its position increase the sensation of awe.

The Chartreuse, though situated a whole league above the base of the mountain, is yet placed in a bottom, as it respects the summit. Nay, so far are the rocks elevated above its highest turrets, that it takes two hours more good travelling to attain the highest practicable point. In fact, the stupendous rocks which enclose it on every side, reach far above the clouds, which mostly indeed rest upon their summits; here they form a dense shade, which, like a dark awning, completely conceals the sun from the view.

Were this not the case the fierce reflection of its beams would be almost insupportable. Even on the brightest day, the sun is only visible (owing to the proximity of the rocks), as from the bottom of a deep well. On the west, indeed, there is a little space, which being thus shel-

tered, is occupied by a dark grove of pine trees; on every other side, the rocks, which are as steep as so many walls, are not more than ten yards from the Convent. By this means a dim and gloomy twilight perpetually reigns within; and it is difficult to read small print but by lamp-light, even in the noon of the brightest summer's day.

The church belonging to the monastery is exceedingly neat; it is kept in beautiful order, and is wainscoted throughout. The stone floor is entirely covered by another, formed of woods of different colours, and arranged in compartments. This precaution is absolutely necessary as a preservative against the damp; it likewise tends to mitigate the cold, which is intense. I think the inside of their chapel appears about the size of that at Port Royal. The inside of their choir too very nearly corresponds with yours. Their cloister is much longer than that at Port Royal; it is however exceedingly narrow, not more than two cells in width. The cloisters have the appearance of two very long streets; they are neither parallel, nor on one uniform level; it was a matter of necessity to accommodate the building to the inequalities of the rocks. It has therefore been impracticable to form the passages in right lines, or upon a plain level; owing to this, a person at one end of the cloister cannot discern any one who may be standing at the other.

Their cells are peculiarly small and poor; the chimneys are placed in the angle formed by the corner of the room. By this method a large portion of heat is reflected, and equally diffused throughout the room, at a very small expense of firing. This contrivance appears absolutely indispensable in a situation where fire-wood is so remote, and the cold so extreme. The snow is generally during six months of the year higher than the tops of their garden walls. The season is considered peculiarly favourable whenever the depth of the snow does not make it unsafe to venture out during eight months in the year.

In the midst of summer they are exposed to precisely the opposite inconvenience; for about a month the heat is intense. The sun's rays are reflected on every side from bare limestone and granite rocks; and as no shade intervenes to screen them, they are concentrated in the hollow in which the monastery stands, as in a focus. At these seasons the heat may literally be compared to that of an oven; the snow and ice meanwhile melt from the heights above, and frequently fill all the lower part of the building with water. Occasionally the inundation is so rapid as to carry with it all the soil which at immense labour they have brought from below, to form little gardens on the bare rock.

We were much pleased with our visit, and edified by the learned and pious discourse of these

excellent men. We prolonged our stay above a week. Their general, or to speak more correctly, their prior, entertained us with the greatest cordiality. The repasts of the Carthusians are exceedingly slender; every thing is served up in wooden bowls, consequently all they eat is either lukewarm or completely cold. The monks take it in turn to read during every meal; the passages are selected by the prior, and are always either from scripture or the lives of the fathers. At table every motion is regulated by signal; the community sit in perfect silence, with their eyes cast down the whole time. A brother takes it in turn to stand at the head of the table with a slight wand in his hand; to its stroke, though almost imperceptible, the servitors and guests are equally attentive. At one instant every bowl is lifted up, at once they are all set down. The table is served and disserved in the same manner. The repasts of the whole community are conducted with the precision of a regiment going through its military evolutions. By this means very little noise is occasioned, and as each person performs his part, as softly as possible, not one syllable of the whole lecture is lost.

The Carthusians have a very extensive library; it is indeed equally valuable and magnificent. Many of the members of the community are men of deep learning and extensive information. Much of their time is occupied both in composing and

in transcribing books, and the world is indebted for many valuable works to the pious labours of these recluses.

I was much struck with the expression of settled peace and deep devotion visible in their countenances; this indeed is by no means exclusively peculiar to the monks belonging to this individual monastery. It is said to be generally characteristic of the whole order. I remember the blessed St. Francis de Sales frequently mentioned with pleasure a little anecdote on this subject; and I rather think the hero was one of his early acquaintance. He was however a young man of large expectations, but unfortunately distinguished not only for gaiety but for profligacy. After spending the evening in gaming with several young persons as wild as himself, he became completely intoxicated; the party broke up at a very late hour in the night, or rather at a very early one in the morning. The youth returned home, groping his way through dark and empty streets, when the deep tolling of a bell caught his ear; the sound apparently proceeded from a building at no great distance. From a desire of frolic he entered, wondering what persons could be watching at such an hour. What was his surprise at finding himself in the choir of a Carthusian monastery; the whole community were assembled at matins. Each one sat in his respective place in silence, his eyes cast down to the ground

in the deepest recollection and humiliation; not an eye was lifted up to observe who had entered. One solitary lamp cast a dim light over their figures. He attempted to smile, but the peace and deep devotion written on their countenances, struck his heart with an unknown awe, as though God were of a truth present with them; he stood rivetted to the spot, whilst the solemnity of the place, and the deep silence which reigned around, increased his sensations. He was motionless, not only with surprise but with reverence; after some minutes the organ struck up, and every one arising joined in an anthem of praise. His tears began to flow. "Alas!" thought he, "how very different the purpose for which I watched to that of these saints; I watched not to give praises but to blaspheme his holy name. God be merciful to me a sinner! Yes; whilst I was even engaged in wilful, deliberate sin, that merciful and holy God was watching over me in pity, to bring me to this place, to give me one more chance of saving my wretched soul. Surely it was in mercy he brought me here! and on that mercy, though my sins are grievous, I will yet cast myself." The anthem being ended, prayers began. By an irresistible impulse the youth prostrated himself with them, and no doubt but his prayers, with theirs, were accepted at the throne of grace. From that hour he became a different man. He lived an happy and valuable member of the church

of Christ; and died, in full assurance of faith, in that very convent which had witnessed his conversion. Thus he who came to scoff might be eminently said, to remain to pray. I cannot relate the above anecdote with the energy of St. Francis; but I will add a concluding observation. "This circumstance plainly shews, of how much importance it is; not only to retain Christian principle in its integrity; but also to let it appear externally; and allow it to model every the least circumstance of countenance, manner, dress, in short the whole demeanor. A Christian appearance speaks irresistibly, though silently, to those who would not listen to Christian conversation. It requires an exercised Christian eye to discern grace in another; where no external livery (if I may so say) indicates what master we serve; and to whose power alone our help is to be attributed. The world is ever ready to attribute to nature, the fruits of grace. Without an external sign, it can scarcely discern the internal spiritual grace."

The world is ever ready to apply to religion, a maxim of law; "*De non apparentibus, et de non existentibus, eadem ratio est.*"

The order of Carthusians was originally founded by St. Bruno, a native of Cologne. He was descended from noble, and religious parents, and completed his academical course with brilliant success. After having held the highest offices in the church, both at Cologne and Rheims, he suddenly resolved to quit the world, and to spend

the remainder of his days in monastic seclusion. He imparted his resolution to six young men, who determined to be the companions of his retirement. They withdrew to a seclusion, named Saisse Fontaine, in the diocese of Langres. Afterwards Bruno went to Grenoble, in order to look out for a still more sequestered and inaccessible situation. Hugh, Bishop of that city, strongly recommended the desert of the Chartreuse. It was, he said, effectually precluded from intrusion; by the frightful precipices, and almost inaccessible rocks by which it was surrounded. He added, as a still more forcible inducement, that for some time before Bruno's request was made known to him, he had continually seen seven brilliant and supernatural stars hovering over the mountains, and pointing them out by a divine indication. Accordingly, in the year 1084, Bruno, with his companions, retired to the Chartreuse. He was then three and twenty. He did not institute any new rule; but only revived the disused rule of St. Bennet, in all its primitive austerity. The Bishop had scarcely allowed his friend time to establish himself in this desert, when he passed a law, that no huntsman, no shepherd, nor any woman, should ever pass its confines. The situation of La Chartreuse seems to render the latter precaution perfectly superfluous. Bruno lived six years in this spot. He was afterwards sent for to Rome, by Urban the Second, who had for-

merly been a disciple of Bruno's, and who had the highest opinion of his judgment. After arranging all the affairs of his monastery, Bruno obeyed. Disgusted by the vice and intrigues of a court, he soon quitted Rome. He retired into the desert of Squillace, in Calabria. There he founded another monastery, at which he expired on the 6th of October, 1101.

The original Chartreux far exceeded the present ones, in the austerity of their discipline. Peter the venerable, was Abbot of Clugny, at the very period in which St. Bruno established his order. Both he, and Guigues the first prior, have left an ample account of them. Each member of the community had a cell, with a little garden adjoining. In this cell he ate, slept, and worked; excepting during the hours of out-door exercise, which each passed in cultivating his own little garden. By this means the recluses, however numerous, had no communication with each other. They never saw each other, but in the hour of public service; excepting on a Sunday, when they were allowed to go to the proper officer, who gave them their portions of food for the week. Every one cooked his provision in his own cell.

Their only sustenance is coarse brown bread, and vegetables. They are likewise allowed to receive fish, whenever it is given them. In case of illness, they are allowed two spoonfuls of wine to a pint of water. On high festivals they are allowed cheese. The cells are provided with water by a

brook, which runs close by, and which enters the cells through holes left in the wall for that purpose. They always wear hair cloth next the skin. Whenever it is necessary to make any communication to their brethren, they do it by signs, if possible. Every cell is furnished with skins of parchment, pens, ink, and colours; and each one employs himself, for a certain time, every day, in writing or transcribing. No one is admitted to take the vows, till the age of twenty. Such were the original customs of the Carthusians.

We did not ascend the utmost practicable height of the mountain. We went, however, half a league, at least, beyond the monastery. Here we saw two beautiful chapels. The first is dedicated to the Holy Virgin, and the latter to St. Bruno. This is said to be the original spot which was selected by him when he first made his retreat in this desert. It is almost uninhabitable, from the intense cold, and the great depth of the snow. When St. Bruno went into Italy, his six companions were buried in one single night, by a heavy fall of snow. Only three of their bodies were ever discovered.

The cause to which tradition ascribes St. Bruno's conversion is singular. Some, however, are inclined to deem it fabulous. Whilst a Canon at Paris, Bruno formed a peculiar intimacy with another Canon, of the name of Raymond Diocres. The latter is said to have been exceedingly social and agreeable, but not a decidedly religious character. One day they both dined together at a

large party; after a very convivial meeting, Raymond was suddenly seized with an apoplectic fit, and fell on the floor, without any signs of life. Bruno was deeply distressed. Preparations were made for the funeral; and, as a particular friend of the deceased, he was of course invited. The body was brought on a bier, in an open coffin, covered with a pall, by torch light. It was placed in the chapel, which was hung with black, and illuminated with a profusion of tapers. A solemn anthem was sung, and the priest began the service. After a little while, the pall which covered the body appeared to heave, and the supposed corpse slowly raised itself out of the coffin. Its eyes were glazed and fixed, and the paleness of death overspread its stiff and sharpened features, whilst, with a look of deep anguish and horror, it uttered, in a slow and hollow voice, the following words:—"Justo judicio "Dei appellatus sum! Justo judicio Dei judicatus "sum! Justo judicio Dei condemnatus sum!" (By the just judgment of God I am cited! By the just judgment of God I am judged! By the just judgment of God I am condemned!) With these last words, he sent forth a groan of unutterable anguish and despair, and fell down dead!

The assembly were petrified with horror: the book fell from the priest's hands: each one stood motionless. In the midst of this awful silence, Bruno, then a youth, stepped forward, and prostrating himself on the ground, prayed aloud for mercy, and pronounced a solemn vow, dedicating

himself henceforth entirely to the service of God, who had given him to witness so unspeakably awful a judgment.

There are now above forty religious in the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse. Fourteen mules are continually employed in bringing provisions, firing, and other necessaries. These sure-footed creatures are so well trained, that they are never known to make a slip, or lose their way, though unaccompanied by any guide. During the winter, indeed, the road is absolutely impracticable, otherwise they regularly go down the mountain, and stop of their own accord at the porter's cell, in the forest. It is this man's sole business to provide for the convent, and to accommodate those who visit the monastery with mules, and receive their horses. At this well-known door they stand till their panniers are re-loaded, and at the signal of a whistle they spontaneously set out on their return. It was on some of these mules we ascended. It is really curious to observe these creatures in bad weather. Their sagacity is truly wonderful. They scrape the snow first with their hoofs as they go along, that they may every time ensure safe footing. I am told that in some places, where the road is so exceedingly slippy that it is impossible to stand, they will even squat down on their hind legs, and slide down the mountain, balancing themselves, by leaning either way, with the nicest precision. They practise the same, I am informed, in the descent of the Andes. I have heard they will slide with incre-

dible rapidity, down precipices almost as steep as the ridge of a house; and that even where the path was so narrow, and turned so suddenly, that it seemed impossible but they must instantly be precipitated down the precipice before them. Nay, it is even said, by persons of unquestioned veracity, that the path is sometimes not quite so wide as their bodies. At such times it is only by leaning, to preserve the equilibrium, and by the velocity with which they move, that they avoid instant destruction.

In these courses, they stop themselves by striking one of their fore feet into the snow. Even in this respect, these sagacious animals exert their usual ingenuity. They put the hoof several times on the surface of the snow, to slacken their course, before they finally strike, lest they should break their leg by the concussion which on a sudden stop at the brink of a precipice sometimes happens.

After leaving the Grande Chartreuse, we passed through Grenoble, and Avignon. From thence we went to Limoux, which is only about one and twenty miles from Alet, the place of our destination.

The ride from Limoux to Alet lies through one of the most beautiful and picturesque countries I ever beheld. The ground is beautifully diversified with green hills and fertile dales, with cornfields and cottages. We rode many miles through vineyards and groves of pomegranate, olive, and odoriferous orange trees. The air was in many

accident struck against the hindermost mule. The animal lost its balance, and slipped over the edge of the precipice. By a providence, almost miraculous, the fore-mule singly sustained for a considerable time, the weight of his fallen companion, together with the whole burden of the litter, in which were two persons, M. d'Alet, and his attendant ecclesiastic. M. d'Alet was praying, and did not therefore immediately see the full extent of the danger. His companion however instantly perceiving it, exclaimed, "My lord, there is nothing left but instantly to commend our souls to God." The Prelate, to whom death had long lost its sting, replied with his wonted calmness, "Let us do so then." At that moment the mule, by some means or other, contrived to find footing on some projecting points of rock, and raising up the litter, gave both the gentlemen an opportunity to get out in safety. M. d'Alet no sooner saw the danger to which they had been exposed, than he immediately knelt down to give thanks to God. He has since erected a cross on the spot. At the foot he has inscribed the following words, from the 118th psalm, "I have been thrust at sore that I might fall, but the Lord helped me." Thus we see that the Lord still gives his angels charge over his servants, to keep them in all their ways; at his command, they still bear them up in their hands, lest they should dash their feet against a stone.

The defile winds between the rocks for the full space of half a league. The pass is fearful.

Though not so magnificent, it is far more dangerous than that of La Chartreuse. At the termination of the passage, the rocks suddenly expand, forming a grand, and vast amphitheatre, covered with forests. In the bottom, is an extensive and fertile plain, watered by the river Aude, and full of herds and flocks. Immediately in front, about the centre of the valley, appears the noble archiepiscopal palace of Alet. The town itself is inconsiderable. It might with more propriety be termed a neat village. The appearance, however, of the palace, is truly magnificent, both in point of size and antiquity. It was built by the ancient abbots, and is surrounded by very extensive, but old fashioned gardens. In one of them is a noble raised terrace, which commands the whole course of the Aude through the town. The whole appearance of the palace, rising in the midst of its double terraces and gardens, with the magnificent double avenues to every entrance, and a noble stone bridge thrown over the Aude render the approach to Alet very striking. The first view, however, comprises the whole of the objects which are worth seeing.

On our arrival, we were surprised to find the gates of the town shut, like the doors of a private house. We have since understood that they have orders to keep them closed on Sundays, in order to prevent carriages from unnecessarily passing. The modest sober appearance of the persons we saw in the streets was really striking. By that only we should have known ourselves to be in the neighbourhood

of the good Bishop of Alet. The streets are wonderfully neat and clean. We could see into the houses as our carriage passed along. I think there was scarcely a family who were not either collected reading the scriptures, or in prayer.

On reaching the palace, I was much struck with the primitive christian simplicity which distinguished the interior. Although the episcopal residence is so magnificent a building, yet nothing is to be seen within, but what corresponds with the strictest humility and self-denial. I could have fancied myself at the house of that first of Christian Bishops, who needed the authority of an apostle to persuade him, for his health's sake, to add a little wine to his usual beverage.

The entrance-hall and anti-chamber are both noble apartments. They have been much admired on account of their size, and the accuracy of their proportions. Neither of them are furnished or decorated with hangings: a large scripture piece in each, by one of the best masters, is the only ornament. Long wooden benches are placed down the sides, close to the wall, for the convenience of those who call. At one end is a spacious fire-place, with seats for the old and infirm. An immense blazing wood fire on the hearth, effectually diffuses warmth over the whole apartment.

The Bishop's study is actually not larger than one of the cells in your monastery at Port Royal. It is only furnished with a table, a reading-desk, book-shelves, and a few joint-stools.

The venerable Prelate received us with the most affectionate and truly paternal kindness. His great age, and the very severe illness, from which he is just recovering, prevented him from speaking much. His countenance and manner, however, were full of holiness and love, mingled with apostolic gravity and sincerity.

I never saw a person whose appearance more strongly expressed his true character. His first aspect shews the apostolic pastor of a christian church, the venerable dignitary of a potent realm, and the humble saint rejoicing in persecution for Christ's sake.

But I forget that I have not yet introduced this truly admirable man to your acquaintance.

Nicholas Pavillon, Bishop of Alet, is son to Stephen Pavillon, who held a civil office under government, and grandson to Nicholas Pavillon, a celebrated advocate of the parliament of Paris. He was born in 1597; his assiduity at his studies was soon remarked, though not that genius which since independently of his piety, would have distinguished him for eloquence in the pulpit. It is a remarkable fact, that several orators, who were afterwards considered most noted for brilliant eloquence, were in early youth considered as men of slow parts. The celebrated Bossuet, was more distinguished at school, for perseverance, than for talent. Though he seldom joined in the amusements of his comrades, he also seldom obtained the re-

gard of his teachers: nay, he was so noted amongst them for a mere plodder, that his school fellows, in derision, were wont, by a wretched pun, or quibble upon his name, to call him, " *Bos suetus aratro.*" As M. Pavillon grew up his talents unfolded. Placed under the direction of Vincent de Paule, institutor of the missions, his zeal, his piety, his erudition, and his eloquence soon became conspicuous. Satisfied with being made useful, he always shunned preferment. About this period he became acquainted with your excellent uncle M. Arnauld d'Andilly. He, without consulting M. Pavillon, recommended him in a particular manner to the Cardinal de Richelieu. The minister well knew M. d'Andilly's piety, and the value of his recommendation. He soon after invested M. Pavillon with the Bishopric of Alet. This diocese was in a peculiarly deplorable state. Ravaged by the bloody civil wars, which had so long desolated France: cruelty, selfishness, and ignorance, overspread the whole face of the country, and seemed indigenous to the soil. Whilst the rest of France recovered from her wounds, and tasted the blessings of peace and civilization, Alet was still left in its wretched state. Too remote from the capital for the great, too barbarous, and too ignorant for the man of letters; none but a christian would have undertaken the charge of reforming it: and as none unconstrained by the love of Christ, would have undertaken it; so, none unassisted by his almighty

power and Spirit, could have effected it. At this juncture, God, in mercy to Alet, raised up M. Pavillon, and established him in the episcopal see.

The new Bishop immediately began a reform, which he has carried on ever since, with indefatigable zeal. The instruction both of clergy and laity, equally occupy his attention. Not content with establishing colleges for the one and schools for the other, in every part of his diocese, he has, at a great expense, instituted an establishment for the sole purpose of educating masters and mistresses. The good effects of M. d'Alet's plans were soon conspicuous. His diocese seemed completely transformed. Alet became distinguished for piety, sobriety, industry, and regularity. M. de Richelieu was complimented on every hand for his wise choice, and France bestowed on M. d'Alet the honourable titles of Father of the Poor, Councellor of the Good, Light and Support of the Clergy, Defender of Truth, and of Christian Discipline. Lastly, he was esteemed the most humble, although the most highly valued character in the kingdom.

Such was *then* the opinion of France. Well might we have inferred, that after a long night of Cimmerian darkness, the kingdoms of this world were at length becoming the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ. It was however soon evident, that now, as in the apostle's days, the carnal mind is still enmity against God, and that he who will be a servant of Christ, cannot long please men. The pow-

erful, whose vices he attacked, raised a cabal, and preferred very serious charges against him at court. On examination, his innocence was fully proved. Soon after the persecutions of the Jansenists took place, M. d'Alet was invited to countenance them, by his signature. This he steadily refused to do. In consequence of his integrity, he has himself become obnoxious to the persecutors. Wearied out by the cabal and intrigue of the Jesuits, the court has publicly disgraced the holiest prelate in the realm, and the first reformer now living. Instigated by ambition, Cardinal Richelieu deliberately undertook the unrelenting persecution of a man, of whom he has repeatedly declared, that in the pulpit, he exhibited the zeal of St. Paul; at the altar, the devotion of St. Basil; that with princes, he had the wisdom of St. Ambrose; with the poor, the charity of St. Nicholas. That in the midst of the world, he had always the guilelessness of Nathaniel; and that the recesses of his heart, at all times burnt with the love of St. John.

The Bishop of Alet's house, exhibits a model of true christian hospitality, as well as of primitive simplicity. Each guest is left at liberty, without being ever neglected. Matters are so arranged, that every one has some hours in retirement, and that for the occupation of others, objects of useful employment spontaneously present themselves. Some considerable portion of every day is devoted to cheerful, yet pious and instructive conversation; and to social, yet beneficial occupations.

The Bishop possesses the art of directing discourse usefully, without constraint. He never forces the subject, but always gives even to the most remote, a tincture of his own piety. His conversation appears to me a true model of social intercourse, directed by Christian piety, and spiritual wisdom.

He equally avoids the error of those worldlings who always shun religion, and of those unwise religionists, who, by making it the sole subject of discourse, are often led into formality and hypocrisy. Here is no religious chit-chat. He never utters a sacred truth without appearing deeply penetrated by the awful reality.

The topics of discourse at Alet have always truth of some description for their object. Philosophy, natural and experimental, history, mathematics, in all its branches; and mechanics, afford frequent recreations at the episcopal palace. Nor are the languages or sacred music neglected. The Bishop generally avoids introducing poetry, or works of imagination: I believe he thinks they are useless, as not having truth for their object; and deleterious, by tending to inflame the passions. With this exception, he is usually remarkable for the happy mode in which he takes a part in any subject which may be started. Only, he conscientiously directs it to useful ends; managing so as to converse, without trifling on any.

When the Bishop himself leads the conversation, it is mostly of a religious nature, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

When with those whose religious sentiments permit him freely to unfold; then indeed his lips seem touched with a living coal from the altar.

I have often seen his hearers wrapped in astonishment and awe at the apostolic zeal and sanctity with which he declared divine truths, in the name of him who sent him.

His wisdom, information, and good sense, render his conversation instructive on all subjects. Yet it is evident this is the one on which his heart dilates, and that this is the point in which all his other studies centre. Though not always conversing on religion, it is at all times apparent, that it is the medium through which he views every other thing; and I think his deep piety is almost as perceptible in the spirituality with which he speaks of temporal things, as in the wisdom which he displays in spiritual ones. Every subject on which he discourses, I might almost say, every sentence which he utters, receives a tincture from his piety. The Spirit dwelling in the heart, as on an altar, sanctifies in some sort, whatever gift has been upon it, and imparts to it a sacred character. His piety so modifies his learning, that the most religious might edify; and his learning so adorns his piety, that the most sceptical might be convinced.

Contrary to the manner of some, he seldom speaks of religion to determined infidels. But where it is possible, he rather joins in their subjects of discourse, only speaking in a christian spirit. The unbelief of the head, he says, is mostly found-

ed in the enmity of the heart; he therefore thinks the persuasion of the affections ought to co-operate with the conviction of the judgment. On this account he thinks it most judicious, to let them feel the excellency of christianity in its practical effects, before he recommends it as a general principle.

When he speaks to those who ask his advice, he is very careful to address each one according to his own degree of light. He thinks the work is often ruined by indiscreetly urging persons beyond the step, the divine Spirit is then pointing out to the conscience.

M. d'Alet has often in his mouth that text, Cast not your pearls before swine. Though far indeed from comparing any individual of his fellow-creatures to those animals, yet he often calls the experiences of Christ's love his people's pearls, and says they should not be lightly cast before those who will not only trample them under foot, but who will endeavour by turning upon christians, with futile sophisms, to rend their peace and comfort. He rather advises, that the common experiences of men, such as convictions of sin, repentance, &c. be dwelt on, till the fallow ground is fully broken up, and prepared to receive the seed of the kingdom.

What I have seen at Alet has convinced me that it is much more common and easy to speak well on religion than to speak of temporal things at all times in a religious spirit.

The Bishop of Alet's repasts are truly christian. His table is moderate and frugal. Nay, I think I

may add, that the whole of his household expenses are, evidently, self-denying: they, however, stop short of ascetic severity.

He eats but little himself. The bread at dinner is served up in six-ounce rolls. He seldom took more than half of one. Besides this, he either takes the wing of a fowl or some small piece of meat, of a similar size, and a little soup. At the desert he takes either a baked pear or a roasted apple, with a few almonds, which are in this country served up in the shell, just as walnuts are with us.

Some religious work is read during the whole of the repast. One of the clerks of the cathedral performs the office of lecturer. This he does standing, because it is the table of a Bishop. He reads slowly and distinctly. The holy Prelate listens the whole time with the docility of a child, who attends to the voice of his master. His eyes are mostly bent downwards, with the greatest reverence, or else closed, with his head a little turned to the reader, that he may not lose one single syllable. On this account he never helps at his own table, unless it be handing fruit to the person next him. He is exceedingly exact in never allowing any dish to appear a second time at table. All the remnants are distributed to the poor. The bishop never suffers any thing to be served by way of delicacy, the remains of which cannot be made, in some way, beneficial to the necessitous, the sick, or the infirm. For the same reason, he insists on every thing being

carved in the neatest and nicest manner, so that nothing may be rendered disgusting. People, he says, are but half charitable, who, whilst they supply the wants, never consider the feelings of others.

The Bishop is so conscientiously exact in these particulars, that I never saw a fowl, or any poultry, or game, at his table, unless he knew of a sick neighbour, to whom the remains might be acceptable. Even then they were always presents from his friends; for he himself never bought any thing but plain butchers' meat. On the same principle, no made dishes, second courses, or even removes, or pastry are ever served up.

We could not help smiling at a little incident which occurred during our visit: the Bishop is exceedingly particular on every occasion, in always employing some of his own flock in preference to sending to Paris. The Bishop a little while ago wanted a cook; those in this remote province are miserably bad: the Prelate, however, pursued his usual plan, and consequently got a very indifferent one. After a few weeks the man, who had been treated with the greatest kindness, gave warning; the Bishop sent for him up:—"What, my good friend, can be the cause of your leaving me?" "Sir," replied the man, "I have nothing to do all day long. I was ignorant enough when I came, but," added he, with great indignation, "I shall become fit for nothing at all, if I stay any longer at such a place as this."

balls of chopped herbs, bread, and mince meat about the size of a poached egg; the other dish consisted of a snipe, accompanied by an orange.

Next succeeded two more dishes each, by way of desert, one of which contained a remarkably small pear, ready peeled; the other a napkin very nicely folded, in the centre of which was a piece of Parmesan cheese, as large as a sixpenny piece.

This was the whole of the dinner. No sooner was it ended than a finger-glass was brought to each, and rose and orange water poured over the hands of every guest.

The Bishop of Bellay used however to add, that these Borromæan feasts were not in vogue with *all* the dignified prelates in Rome.

A French Cardinal, a man of great piety and learning, who was newly arrived at Rome, once invited Cardinal Bellarmin to dine with him. He had heard much of his celebrity and holiness, and concluded he could not pay him a higher compliment than by treating him after the manner of St. Carlo Borromæo, instead of giving him a sumptuous entertainment in the French style.

Accordingly the dinner was conducted with the greatest frugality. As soon as the cloth was removed, the French Cardinal, wishing to compliment him, observed, that knowing his exalted piety, he thought it would give him pleasure to be received thus, in so plain, and familiar a manner.

Cardinal Bellarmin, who was of a very lively,

gay temper, notwithstanding his solid piety, smiled very good humoredly at the other's simplicity, and replied,—" *Assay, assay, Monsignor illustrissimo, assay;*" that is, " Quite familiarly or plainly enough;" or, according to the idiom of the language, implying rather too much so.

Our good Cardinal, who knew French better than Italian, was quite delighted by this reply. He concluded that the words " Enough so, enough so," twice repeated, meant that he had provided quite sumptuously enough, or rather exceeded his wishes. He therefore bowed, and with many apologies, assured Cardinal Bellarmin that when he next should be honored with his company, he would certainly order his usual dinner to be reduced to half its quantity.

The Bishop of Alet never sits at dinner longer than half-an-hour, on any pretext whatever. As soon as dinner is over, when the weather admits of it, he walks on the terrace, or in the garden. When any friends are staying with him, he mostly converses with them during his walk. If no subject arise, he occasionally gives orders relative to the culture of the garden, or the disposal of its produce amongst the poor.

When the weather is unfavourable, he sits with his friends a little while after dinner. The bulk of the afternoon he devotes to the business of his diocese. If his friends be persons of sufficient piety and judgment, he frequently consults them. In his mode of transacting business, the Bishop

seems guided both by wisdom, humility, and faith. The two former lead him to ask every body's opinion whom he judges capable; the latter causes him to decide nothing without consulting scripture, and laying the matter before God in prayer; by this rule he is steadily guided.

M. d'Alet often regrets that the Scriptures are so superficially perused, by those who make a religious profession: "Many," he says, "are well acquainted with the outline of religion, and can adduce texts in support of the general scheme of salvation, who have yet never given that minute attention to scripture which is indispensably necessary to those who desire to be well versed in every part of Christian practice.

"May we all," says the good bishop, "become more and more of Bible Christians; as every branch of our faith is immutable, so may every part of our walk become more and more modelled by Scripture. We are commanded to eat, to drink, and to do all to the glory of God. Surely then, the law of Christ should regulate all these things; for how but by that shall we know what is for his glory? The natural man knows as little of a Christian walk as of a Christian faith. Though many professing Christians suppose they walk according to the mind of Christ in these respects, yet it is evident, that they frame the rule in their own imaginations, and suppose it to be that of Christ; instead of truly studying the Scripture in every individual practice, and carefully tracing

the connexion between every precept and doctrine of the gospel.

" One reason indeed of studying the Scripture is, that we may grow in the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus ; another, that we may be able to give an answer to every man concerning the hope which is in us: but, let us remember, that a third, and not a less important one is, that the man of God may be thoroughly furnished to every good work. The office of the Holy Spirit is to apply Scripture to the heart, and not to supersede it. This is a truth as essential as it respects a Christian walk, as with respect to a Christian faith."

The Bishop of Alet is a great friend to self-denial and mortification, both external and internal. He thinks many persons deceive themselves in supposing they take up the inward, whilst they refuse the outward cross. He has very frequently in his mouth the words of our Lord, Ἀγωνίζεσθε εἰσελθεῖν διὰ τῆς στενῆς πύλης· ὅτι πολλοὶ, λέγω ὑμῖν, ζητήσουσιν εἰσελθεῖν, καὶ οὐκ ἰσχύσουσιν. *Agonize* to enter in at the strait gate; for many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able. " Surely," says M. d' Alet, " this agonizing must as much relate to that vile body, which even St. Paul kept under, for fear of becoming a cast-away, as to those high imaginations and tempers of soul which are to be brought down and subjected to the law of Christ.

The bishop is extremely abstemious. He is therefore just as ready for business after dinner as before. He saves himself a great deal of per-

plexity, by rather aiming at acting on true principles, than at being anxious respecting consequences. I have observed that he endeavours in every undertaking to keep close to God, in his Spirit, his providence, and his word. He never enters on any matter without prayer, nor unless both the ends and means are sanctioned by Scripture. Yet our Lord has shewn him the necessity of wholly leaving the success to him; and in a great measure enables him, when any error in his own judgment causes the thing to fail, to humble himself before the Lord, under that, as under other cross providences. Thus he is enabled to bear his own mistakes with the same patience and resignation as other men's, and every one of his infirmities (not his sins) affords fresh source of humiliation in himself, and of rejoicing in the goodness of his Lord.

By this means M. d' Alet is favoured with a great deal of freedom from care and needless perplexity. Peace and serenity are written on his countenance. How seldom we reflect, that the peace which passes all understanding, is not only the privilege of Christians to enjoy, but that it is also one of those fruits of the Spirit by which those are distinguished who are the children of God and joint-heirs with Christ. Even good men are too apt to let their peace be interrupted by dwelling on effects they cannot command, instead of calmly reposing all by faith on Christ, whose promises stand on an immutable basis.

He attends with the greatest love and patience all those who open to him their spiritual wants. He, however, wishes to accustom them rather to seek aid of God, than of men. In this respect, he follows the examples of M. de St. Cyran, of St. Austin, and of St. John. He thinks the practice of constantly unbosoming ourselves to men, creates religious gossipping, and extinguishes vital piety; and accustoms young believers to consider men as more necessary to them than God. Frequently too, he thinks, that by creating human attachments, it weakens divine love. Jesus says, he is both the Alpha and Omega of Christianity. With him then let us begin, as with him we must end. From first to last all is of him, to him, and through him. He it is who is exalted, a Prince and a Saviour in Israel, to give repentance as well as remission of sins. He it is who is come a great light into the world, that whosoever follows him, should not walk in darkness, but should have the light of life. He is the Lamb that taketh away the sins of the whole world; yea, that bore *our* sins in his own body on the tree. He is the good Shepherd who goes before, and calls his sheep by name. He is the good Physician, who makes whole those who touch the hem of his garment; and the residue of the Spirit is with him. Whatever then may be our wants from first to last, we must come to him. However vile we may be, we must resolve to come to him; for he expressly terms

himself the door, through which we must *enter*, if we would find pasture. He has promised that he will not cast out, but will save to the uttermost, those who come to God by him; and he has declared, that there is no name given under heaven, by which men can be saved, but by that which is given; Emmanuel, God with us, God manifest in the flesh, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

When M. d'Alet gives pastoral instructions, he does it as nearly as possible, in scripture language. The road to the kingdom he observes is narrow. It is best taught in scripture language, for the glosses of men do but widen it.

I never knew a man so well versed in sacred writ. He is quite an Apollos, mighty in the scriptures. He quotes the originals as familiarly as we do the vulgate. And on whatever subject he speaks, he seems to have all the parallel passages before him.

M. d'Alet's patience, both in illness and under the faults of others, is exceedingly great. He seems, through mercy, continually kept low at the foot of the cross. He is favoured with a deep sense of his own unworthiness, and of his merciful Saviour's infinite condescension and long-suffering towards him; by this means he is enabled, from the heart, to forgive others, and to think all too good for him.

One day being exceedingly heated by preaching, he returned to the palace to rest himself. The archdeacon was with him. The porter had always

strict orders never to keep any one waiting at the gate: nevertheless, they repeatedly knocked in vain. It was in the depth of winter. After a full quarter of an hour had elapsed, the Archdeacon, who feared the consequences for M. d'Alet, began to grow angry. "Softly, my dear friend," replied the bishop, "we indeed see he does not come, but we do not yet know the reasons which detain him."

During the last thirty years, it is astonishing how many persons have applied to M. d'Alet, respecting their spiritual concerns. Some of the most eminently pious characters in the present century have been formed under his direction. You well know the part he took in the conversions of Madame la Duchesse de Longueville, and the Prince and Princesse of Conti. Their high rank equally extended M. d'Alet's celebrity, and aggravated his disgrace and persecutions.

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable character under the direction of M. d'Alet, (or of almost any other) is the celebrated Dom Armand Jean le Bouthillier de Rancé, the regular abbot, reformer, and first institutor of the astonishing austerities of La Trappe.

I heard a variety of anecdotes concerning him, whilst here, which I think may be relied on. His character is so singular, and the circumstances by which it was unfolded so remarkable, and, I will add, that the institution to which it gave birth is so wonderful, that I cannot refrain from setting down all I have been able to collect; though I fear, even

now, my letter is large enough to fill M. de Brienne's pocket-book.

Dom Armand Jean le Bouthillier de Rancé de Chavigni was born at Paris on the 9th of January, 1626. He was nephew to Claude le Bouthillier de Chavigni, Secretary of State, and Comptroller of the Finances. He was of a very ancient house in Brittany. His ancestors were formerly cup-bearers to the Dukes of Brittany. Hence it was they assumed the name of Bouthillier. Cardinal Richelieu was godfather to M. de Rancé. Mary of Medicis honoured him, as he grew up, with her peculiar protection, and he was a knight of Malta from his early youth.

From early childhood his figure was singularly noble, and his countenance remarkably beautiful. He was above the common stature. His features were on the finest model of Roman beauty. His hair of a beautiful auburn, curled with profusion over his shoulders. He united regular beauty, and masculine strength, to an expression of vigorous intellect, delicacy of taste, acute sensibility, and noble and generous passions. No one could see him without admiration.

His talents were as remarkable as his beauty. At eleven, he arranged a new Greek edition of Anacreon's Odes, with notes of his own composing. It was published before he was twelve. M. de Rancé's paternal inheritance was very considerable. His ecclesiastical benefices were still more so. He was designed to succeed his uncle in the Archbishopric

of Tours. By a common abuse, he enjoyed the emoluments, even during childhood. From the Belles Lettres, he proceeded to the study of Theology. He took up all his degrees at the Sorbonne, with the greatest distinction. Nevertheless, the Abbé de Rancé forms a melancholy instance, how the head may be enlightened, whilst the heart still remains altogether dead in trespasses and sins. The pride of the universities of Paris and Sorbonne; the fame of his talents, erudition, fortune, birth, beauty, eloquence, and accomplished manners, was spread throughout all France. Yet his heart was abandoned in secret to almost every species of disorder. To all those at least which the world deems not incompatible with honor. That part of his time, which was most innocently employed, was consumed at public places of amusement, or in hunting, and in company. The immense revenues of his ecclesiastical benefices, were destroyed by deep gaming, and by every species of extravagance most inconsistent with his sacred profession.

De Rancé gave an unbridled loose to all his passions and inclinations. He seemed for a time, equally averse from the duties of his religious profession, and from every useful and honorable mode of employing his exalted talents.

In vain were the remonstrances of his friends. His wit and unfailing good humor always found means to parry all their attacks. Too often he even made his crying sins appear amiable to those whose

duty it was to reprove them. Thus his heart remained obdurate as adamant, and slippery as polished marble. He continued in this course of life some years. At length God, the father of mercies, interfered in his behalf; and now ceased to persuade him through the medium of his fellow-creatures, and spoke to him through the instrumentality of his awful providences.

Thus, after Elihu had in vain called Job to repentance, God himself spoke from the whirlwind, and he abhorred himself, and repented in dust and ashes.

Ambition had always been the distinguishing characteristic of M. de Rancé. In several of his projects he was disappointed. He had formed an intimate friendship with the Cardinal de Retz, and quarrelled with the Cardinal Mazarin on his account. The misfortunes of the Cardinal de Retz, and the premature death of Gaston Duke of Orleans, deeply affected him.

A failure in one or two plans, undertaken on behalf of his friends, gave him a sensible mortification. He quitted Paris in disgust; and retired to his seat at Veret. Though it is probable these incidents were the first seeds of his subsequent conversion; yet they were not, at that time, effectually watered by a free reception of God's good Spirit. They remained dormant, and it was not till long after, that they germed and fructified. The Abbé de Rancé was a disappointed, not an altered man. Foiled in the object of his wishes, he bade adieu, for

a season, to literature; and collecting his gayest friends, sought to drown his disappointmentat the table, and to dissipate his sorrows at the chase.

Amongst other objects, wholly incompatible with his sacred functions and vocation, he had formed a most ardent attachment to a young lady who resided not far off, and who was highly accomplished. Though restricted by his ordination from marriage, he had persuaded both himself and her, that the cultivation of their mutual affection by frequent visits and correspondence, was entirely free from objection. She reposed as much confidence in his opinion, as she felt charmed by his society.

It happened, that in autumn he had proposed taking a shooting excursion of a few weeks, and terminating it by a visit at her father's house. He was accompanied by one of his gay companions, to whom he never scrupled to converse with great latitude on religious subjects. As they were roaming together over the mountains, their discourse took the usual turn. The Abbé, goaded by the remembrance of his late disappointment, gave no bounds to the freedom of his observations. He even seemed, at times, doubtful of a particular Providence, and let fall some expressions so improper, that his companion was shocked. He reminded him, that he was a minister of the gospel, and that the God whom he denied might one day call him to a severe account. The Abbé shrugged up his shoulders with a contemptuous smile. They were both silent. Almost at that very moment, the sud-

den report of a gun was heard; and a ball from some unseen hand, struck the Abbé de Rancé's belt. The blow bent in the buckle of his belt, and the ball fell harmless at his feet. This circumstance saved his life. The Abbé's mind was deeply impressed by this occurrence, with the reality of a particular Providence, though he abounded too much in human pride to confess his sins and to return; yet he was exceedingly thoughtful and silent all the remainder of his tour.

He seemed to feel that his life was not what it should be, and that God had shewn infinite mercy in forbearing with him so long. The rest of his journey was occupied in forming resolutions of reformation. Impressed by these sentiments the Abbé reached his journey's end. He still did not appear to be struck with the culpability of his conduct relatively to the young lady. It was late in the evening when he arrived, and the house was consequently shut up. He knocked several times, but in vain. He then recollected a little back door leading to a private stair-case, by which the family often let themselves in. Wishing agreeably to surprise his friends, he hung up his horse, and went in. He eagerly ran up the stair-case. At the top was a little library dressing room, in which the young lady and her father mostly sat. After tapping at the door, and hearing no reply, he softly opened it. The first object that struck his eyes was her corpse, stretched in a coffin. The head was severed from the body, and placed at its foot

in a dish full of clotted blood. The countenance was ghastly to look upon. The teeth were set, and the lips drawn back, told, amidst the silence of death, that the last moments had witnessed an horrible conflict of body or of soul. The eyes wide open and glazed by death, were immovably fixed upon him as he entered the room; and the dreadful conviction shot across his heart, as though a voice had spoken it, "This soul *thou* hast eternally lost."

His agony of mind was indescribable. In vain did her friends attempt to sooth him by relating her sudden death, and by explaining the horrible circumstance occasioned by a mistake in the length of the coffin. The words "Eternally lost! eternally! eternally!" seemed perpetually sounding in his ears. For a short time he seemed almost frantic. He wrung his hands, and even rolled on the floor, writhing with agony. O! that I could but suffer the torments, even of hell itself, for thousands of years, if at last I could but deliver her! O! that I had been faithful! O! that I could now but suffer for, or with her. But it is past! The time in which I might have helped her is fatally, irrevocably past! She once sought God, and I misled her! Such were some of his expressions. They sufficiently shew the misery of his heart.*

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* M. de Rancé's grief indeed almost bordered upon mental disease. It has been said, that he not only wandered amidst remote forests, calling aloud on her name, but it is also confidently asserted by

To this state of frantic despair, succeeded a black melancholy. He sent away all his friends, and shut himself up at his mansion at Veret; where he would not see a creature. His whole soul, nay, even his bodily wants seemed wholly absorbed by a deep and settled melancholy. Shut up in a single room, he even forgot to eat and drink; and when the servant reminded him it was bed-time, he started as from a deep reverie, and seemed unconscious that it was not still morning. When he was better, he would often wander in the woods, for hours together, wholly regardless of the weather. A faithful servant, who sometimes followed him by stealth, often watched him standing for hours together on one place, the snow and rai n beating on his head; whilst he, unconscious of it, was wholly absorbed in painful recollections. Then at the fall of a leaf, or the noise of the deer, he would awake, as from a slumber, and wringing his hands, hasten to bury himself in a thicker part of the wood, or else throw himself prostrate with his face in the snow, and groan bitterly.

Thus the winter wore away in hopeless despondency, or black despair. As spring advanced, he appeared somewhat better. Though unable to

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some, that he had the weakness of persuading himself that there existed methods of evoking the dead, and that he studied the occult sciences for that purpose. Finding them chimerical, he was seized with despair. It brought on an illness which reduced him to the last extremity.

resume any avocation, he yet walked out oftener, and seemed more conscious of surrounding objects.

On one of the brightest days in May he was wandering, in his usual disconsolate manner, amongst the wooded mountains that skirted his estate. Suddenly he came to a deep glen, which at length terminated in a narrow valley. It was covered with rich green herbage, and was surrounded on all sides with thick woods. A flock was feeding in the bottom, and a clear brook watered it. Underneath the broad shade of a spreading oak sat an aged shepherd, who was attentively reading a book. His crook and pipe were lying on the bank near him, and his faithful dog was guarding his satchel at his feet. The Abbé was much struck by his appearance. His locks were white with age, yet a venerable and cheerful benignity appeared in his countenance. His clothes were worn completely thread-bare, and patched of every different colour, but they were wonderfully neat and clean. His brow was furrowed by time; but as he lifted up his eyes from the book, they seemed almost to beam with the expression of heart-felt peace and innocency. Notwithstanding his mean garb, the Abbé de Rancé involuntarily felt a degree of respect and kindness for the man. "My good friend," said he, with a tone of affectionate sympathy, "you seem very poor, and at a very advanced age; can I render your latter days more comfortable?"

The old man looking at him stedfastly, but with

the greatest benignity, replied, "I humbly thank you, Sir, for your kindness. Did I stand in need of it, I should most gratefully accept it; but, blessed be God, his mercy and goodness have left me nothing even to wish."

"Nothing to wish!" replied M. de Rancé (who began to suspect his shepherd's garb to be a disguise), "I shall suspect you of being a greater philosopher than any I know! even Diogenes could not be easy, unless Alexander stood out of his light. Think again."

"Sir," replied the shepherd mildly, "this little flock, which you see, I love as if it were my own, though it belongs to another. God has put it in my master's heart to shew me kindness more than I deserve. I love to sit here and meditate on all the goodness and mercies of God to me in this life; and above all, I love to read and meditate on his glorious promises for that which is to come. I will assure you, Sir, that whilst I watch my sheep, I receive many a sweet lesson of the good Shepherd's watchful care over me, and all of us. What can I wish, Sir, more?"

"But my good man," returned the Abbé, "did it never come into your head, that your master may change, or your flock may die. Should you not like to be independent, instead of trusting to fortuitous circumstances?"

"Sir," replied the shepherd, "I look upon it, that I do not depend on circumstances; but on the great and good God, who directs them. This

it is that makes me happy, happy at heart. God in mercy enables me to lie down, and sleep secure, on the immutable strength of that blessed word, All things shall work together for good, to them that love God. My reliance (being poor) is in the love of God; if I were ever so rich I could not be more secure; for on what else but on his will can the most flourishing prospects depend for their stability?"

The Abbé felt some emotion at this pointed observation; he however smothered it, and said, "Very few have your firmness of mind."

"Sir," returned the man, "you should rather say, few seek their strength from God." Then steadily fixing his eyes on M. de Rancé, he added, "Sir, it is not firmness of mind. I know misfortune, as well as others; and I know too, that where affliction comes close, no firmness of mind only, can or will carry a man through. However strong a man may be, affliction may be yet stronger, unless his strength be in the strength of God. Again, Sir, it is not firmness of mind. But it is a firm and heartfelt conviction, founded on scripture, and experience of God's mercy, in Christ. It is faith; and that faith itself is the gift of God."

The man paused; then looking at M. de Rancé with great interest, he added, "Sir, your kindness calls for my gratitude. Permit me to shew it in the only way I can. Then I will add, that if you do not yet know this gift, he calls *you* to it as much as me. I see by your countenance, that though so

young, you have known sorrow. Would to God you could read on mine, that though at so advanced and infirm an age, I enjoy the blessing of peace. Yet though you are probably learned, whilst I am unlearned, I believe that the secret of true happiness is the same to all. Let me then shew my gratitude, by telling you what the teaching of God, on his word and providence have taught me. I was not always blessed with the happiness I now enjoy. When I was young, I had a farm of my own. I had a wife, whom I dearly loved, and I was blessed with sweet children. Yet with all these good things I was never happy, for I knew not God, the supreme good. With every temporal blessing, I never reaped pure enjoyment, for my affections were never in due subordination. My eyes being turned to the channels of temporal blessings, instead of to God their source. I was in a continual anxiety, either to grasp more, or lest I should lose what I had already got. God had compassion upon me, and in mercy sent misfortune to lead me to him. I once had a son, the pride of my heart; a daughter, and she began to be the friend and comfort of her mother. Each was grown up, and began to yield us comfort beyond our fondest hopes. When each we had successively to watch, through a slow and lingering disease. Blessed be God, that taught them to live the life of his saints, and gives them now as the angels in heaven, to behold his glory face to face. They were taught, but not of us; it was the work of

God: of that God, whom as yet we knew not. Their deaths, but, O! how unspeakably bitter did that pang seem, which came in mercy to call us to God, and give us spiritual life! Till we fainted under the stroke, we did not remember that our insensible hearts had never yet been thankful for the blessings, whose loss we were ready to repine at. We can now in mercy say, that we know afflictions do not spring out of the dust. Blessed be God, I can now from my very heart thank him, for uniting me to all the ages of a blissful eternity; with those dear and angelic spirits towards whom I only thought of the short intercourse of time. O how short my views! how long his love! Surely his mercy, and the fruit of it, endureth for ever. This was our greatest affliction! besides this, I have, through a variety of accidents, lost my relations and my possessions, and I now, in my old age, serve in the house where I was once master. Yet I find indeed, that to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he has sent, is indeed life eternal. A man's life does not consist in the abundance which he possesses; but in that peace which passes all understanding; and which the world can neither give nor take away. I desire to live by faith, day by day, and trust to the Lord to provide for the morrow. In short, Sir, I have found by experience, that every worldly gift without God is empty, and that God without any worldly good is, as of old, all-sufficient."

This discourse, which has, however, been vari-

ously related, struck* M. de Rancé to the very heart. It was as a ray of light from above, and he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision.

These circumstances, together with several others, which occurred about the same period, were, I understand, the real causes of that astonishing revolution which took place in the mind and heart of M. de Rancé.

A deep sense of the supreme majesty and holiness of God, and of his own utter unworthiness, seemed at once to rush upon his mind, and to cover him with terror and confusion. The language of his inmost soul was, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; I utterly abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

All the glorious perfections of God, and his adorable nature, together with all his own enormities, and his own sinful nature, seemed gathered in battle-array around him. Like the cherubim's sword, their keen edge met him on every side. His heart was full of sore amazement and sunk within him. For a season he appeared completely overwhelmed with the awful sense of his guilt. He shut himself up for many months, scarcely daring to taste any of the temporal blessings around him. He felt himself unworthy of light or life.

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* This discourse is *not* accurately related: the substratum of it is mentioned in various accounts of M. de Rancé.

Immured in one darkened room, and scarcely allowing himself food enough to support life, he spent his time in the most rigorous austerities, and the most sanguinary macerations. Hoping, in some measure, to appease the wrath of God, before he dared to ask for mercy. Still his despair continued unabated.

In this distress he wrote to M. d'Alêt, and laid open his situation. He described his remorse and his despair in the most lively colors.

M. d'Alêt, as a wise pastor, immediately pointed out to him the crucified Lamb of God, who can alone take away the sins of the world; and who has tasted death for every man. He led him to the good Physician, who can alone heal the sin-sick soul, and who has promised, though their sins were as scarlet, to wash them white as wool.

M. de Rancé did not need much persuasion. He had long been weary and heavy-laden. With deep humility and thankfulness, he accepted his Savior's proffered rest. By faith he laid hold on the hope set before him. He now knew God as the God of love, as well as of truth; of mercy, as well as of holiness. The Spirit of God witnessed with his spirit that he was the son of God: and he received the spirit of adoption, enabling him to cry Abba, Father; and the peace of God, in Christ, which passes all understanding, continually kept his heart and mind.

Thus was M. de Rancé passed from darkness into

God's marvellous light, from the power of Satan, into the kingdom of the Son of God.

The new tree of the planting of the Lord was soon known by corresponding good fruits.

Deeply was he humbled at the shameful use he had made of his ecclesiastical revenues. He resolved to part with every one of them, and to bestow them on the most pious men in France. All his paternal estates he likewise determined to dispose of; and to lay out the money, as far as it would go, in charitable purposes, that he might, as far as was in his power, make restitution. He accordingly parted with his noble estate of Veret, in Touraine, and vested the money in L'hotel Dieu, and other charities. Veret was the most magnificent estate in Touraine, and one of the finest in all France.

Of all his ecclesiastical benefices he only reserved to himself the single abbacy of La Trappe. Of this monastery he had long been the commendatory Abbot; that is, he had long borne the name of Abbot, and received the emoluments; though only one of the secular clergy, and though the whole direction was conducted by the prior.

At this period he resolved no longer to continue to receive a stipend for an office which he did not himself fulfil.

He determined to enter himself amongst the regular clergy, to embrace the monastic life, and to become the regular Abbot of La Trappe.

The monastery of La Trappe is of consider-

able antiquity; it belongs to that branch of the Order of St. Bennet, which has adopted the rule of Citeaux.

To give some idea of this celebrated penitential seclusion, it will be necessary to say a few words on the institution of the order which gave it birth.

St. Bennet was born in the year 480, in the district of Nursia, in the Duchy of Spoletto. His father's name was Eutropius; his mother's, Abundantia. They were noble and pious. Scarcely was he born, when with reiterated prayers and supplications, they devoted him to God, and with tears and bended knees, implored his peculiar blessing on this their only child. In full assurance of faith, that their prayers had been heard, they gave him by anticipation, the name of Benedictus (blessed), which his maturer years so fully justified. He was sent to Rome, for the purpose of finishing his education. He was shocked at the corruptions prevalent amongst every rank of society; and above all, he was disgusted to see that even youth were not untainted by dissipation. Grieved to the heart, he suddenly took a resolution to renounce the world he had seen so beset with snares, and to spend his life in prayer, for those who forgot to implore the divine mercy for themselves.

He secretly quitted Rome, and retired to a desert, named Sublacci, about forty miles from Rome. Here he concealed himself in a dark and

desolate cavern amongst the rocks, for three years. This cave was situated in the side of a lofty mountain. The mouth overgrown with thick brushwood, was imperceptible, either from the projecting brows of rock above, or from the valley below, and a river which wound round the base of the mountain, effectually precluded all access. Here St. Bennet passed his days in the most profound solitude. Prayer, meditation and study divided his time. His food was the wild fruit of the desert; his refreshment, the mountain streams. His garments were the skins of wild beasts. One friend alone knew of his retreat; faithful to his trust, he never invaded his repose himself, or communicated his secret to another. One day in a month St. Romanus retired to the summit of the rock above the hermitage, and winding an huntsman's horn, gave notice to his friend of his approach; then, standing at the edge of the rock, he let down by a cord a basket, containing bread, vegetables, a little wine, and also some books. On receiving this fresh supply, St. Bennet regularly put up those books he had already perused, and the basket was drawn up again. Afterwards the two saints waving their hands to each other, knelt down, the one at the entrance of his cell, the other on the mountain, and fervently poured out their hearts in prayer for each other. Then rising, each again waved a farewel, and departed till the ensuing month. For three years was this secret inviolably kept. At the end of the fourth, an hunt-

ing party, who were pursuing their game in the recesses of the mountains, discovered his retreat; St. Bennet was asleep when they entered his cell. Clad in the skin of a bear, they at first took him for some wild beast of the desert. On rising and entering into conversation with him, they were much struck by his sanctity. They implored his benediction, and spread over the whole country a report of the treasure they had discovered. All the inhabitants of the district flocked to his cell. It was said that another John the Baptist had arisen in the desert, and all the people came forth confessing their sins; even children seemed anxious to have a share in his prayers, and to participate in his instructions. A surprising reformation took place in the whole neighbourhood.

His celebrity grew more extensive every day, and his reputation was hourly more exalted. Tradition relates, that at the voice of his prayer the elements became still, and the laws of nature were diverted from their course; and it has been said, that at his venerable yet youthful aspect, the wild beasts of the desert would forget their wonted ferocity; and crouch down at the feet of a man, in whose eye they beheld the power of their Maker rested. Such traditions sufficiently prove the esteem in which St. Bennet was held. His converts were so numerous, that he founded twelve monasteries not far from Sublac; for them he composed his celebrated rule. After establishing these religious houses, he left his retreat and

went to Cassini. This town is situated on the side of a steep mountain. The inhabitants were at that time idolaters; they were converted by the preaching of St. Bennet. Their temple, dedicated to Apollo, was soon converted into a Christian church. He established a monastery at Mount Cassini, which he himself superintended many years. This monastery is properly the mother of the Benedictine Order, which soon spread with the name of its founder into every part of Europe.

Even Totila, King of the Goths, who was passing through Campania, came to pay him a visit. Benedict spoke to him as a Christian; accustomed both in his words and actions to forget men, and to see alone Him who is invisible, he spread before Totila all his sins, and urged him to repentance and restitution. The Goth trembled. We do not hear that he was converted to God; but it is said, that he was far less sanguinary after this interview; and that, like Herod, he did many things. In less than a year after, St. Bennet died. He departed on the 21st of March, 543, at the age of 63.

Such was the life of St. Benedict, the founder of the celebrated Benedictine Order. An order (which although it did not form a rapid extension till the 8th century) has yet since that time spread over the whole Latin church, and extended its numerous ramifications into the remotest corners of the west. An order, which has in extent and celebrity far exceeded every other, which has been equally useful by the important services it has ren-

dered to civil society and to literature; and which the archives of the order record to have given the church 40 popes, 200 cardinals, 50 patriarchs, 1,600 archbishops, 4,600 bishops, and 3,000 canonized saints. So says the chronicle of the order; it should, however, be observed, that the learned Mabillon retrenches several of the saints from the catalogue.

The four grand orders in the Latin church are, the Augustinian, Dominican, Franciscan, and Benedictine. Of these, the latter is by far the most celebrated. The three first of these religious orders are Friars: the latter only are monks. The Friars *(fratres or brethren)* may be termed societies, formed of religious men; whose object is to withdraw from the world, in order to enjoy religious fellowship, and reap spiritual instruction together. The Monks *(monachi or solitaries)* may be defined, men whose object is to worship God in solitude apart from all human society; men, who whilst they reside in one house, from the necessity of providing mutual subsistence, are yet as much separated from each other's intercourse, as though the antipodes divided them. The houses of the first are termed convents, those of the latter monasteries. The first, as the name imports, implies a society of brethren coming together, whilst the latter denotes a cluster of independent and isolated recluses.

St. Bennet probably bore in mind the hermits of Egypt, and the monks of the eastern church, in the institution of his order. His objects were, how-

ever, more useful; and the means he made choice of better adapted to human nature, and to secure the benefit of civil society.

Whilst the eighty thousand hermits who peopled the deserts of Egypt, and the monks of Palestine, consumed their lives in fruitless contemplations; the recluses of the western church were commanded not only to seek the salvation of their own souls, but to labor with their head and hands for the benefit of society. Seven hours every day are devoted to manual or mental exertion. Seven more to religious services and contemplation. Four hours are regularly appropriated to religious studies. The six remaining suffice for food and sleep. The industry of the Benedictines soon proved a source of that opulence for which the order has been so much censured; and opulence soon drew after it the attendant evils of luxury and relaxation. Yet amidst all its abuses, society is on the whole, highly indebted to the institution of St. Bennet.

Whilst prostrate Europe was desolated by the ravages of the Huns, the Goths, and the Vandals, the Benedictine monasteries alone opened their hospitable doors, and afforded a safe and venerated asylum, amidst the surrounding horrors of barbarism; nor did their utility cease when tranquillity was at length restored. During the Cimmerian darkness of the middle ages, the cloisters of St. Bennet were the alone repositories of classic lore, and the monks were the faithful and only

guardians of the literary treasures of ancient Greece and Rome. To them we are obliged for all the originals, or transcriptions of the works of the ancients; and we are indebted to them for the only histories extant of their own times. Nor do we alone owe them literary obligations. The restoration of agriculture originated with them; and to their almost unassisted labor Europe owed its culture during a long succession of barbarous and warlike ages.

Many flourishing towns and proud cities which formerly only presented bare rocks, or dark forests, are now grown fertile and habitable by their pious and laborious hands. Many of the most luxuriant provinces of Europe received the first furrows of the plough, accompanied by the hymns of the Benedictine fathers; and various of our most famed commercial marts were retreats consecrated by them to prayer and holy rites.

The Benedictine Order soon acquired extensive influence; they were beloved for their beneficence, respected for their learning, and revered for their piety. In addition too to their influence, immense donations, and personal industry soon exalted them to vast opulence. The rule of St. Bennet, which in the fifth century was submitted to by the few, who were distinguished for eminent sanctity, was in the eighth century, resorted to by the ambitious, as the easiest road to preferment; by the avaricious as the richest source of emolument; and by the negligent and indolent, as

offering a means of luxurious and slothful subsistence.

In the tenth and eleventh century, the declension had attained such a pitch, that, whilst the order and emoluments of the Benedictines still remained, their salutary rule was wholly disregarded. The name and riches alone distinguished them from the world.

God, however, reserves to himself a people in every age, and his servants will ever shew their abhorrence of the spirit of the world, by coming out from amongst it, and being separate. Towards the middle and end of the eleventh century, several good men were raised up, who began to testify against the abuses of the religious; and who endeavored to lead back the professors of godliness through faith to an holy life. Peter, the venerable abbot of Clugni, Robert d'Arbrissel, the self-denying founder of Fontevrauld, and Norbert de Premontré, were all in their seasons preachers of righteousness.

Amidst the constellation of eminent men who arose at this period, several lights began to be kindled amongst the cloisters of the Benedictines. St. Bruno, St. Robert de Molesme, and various other excellent men, both in this and succeeding ages, witnessed with grief, the declension of religion in their order. Living in remote countries or ages, they had no communication with each other, but were taught by God alone. Being converted themselves, each undertook to use every en-

deavor to restore the order to its pristine purity; and each added, as circumstances directed, many new statutes and customs to the original rule. Thus each of these good men, became the founder of a secondary order; all of which, whilst they belonged to the rule of St. Bennet, yet differed in many of their own peculiar and subordinate observances. By this means the grand Order of Benedictines includes a vast variety of distinct genera. Amongst some of the most celebrated are the Carthusians, founded by St. Bruno; the Camaldules, the Carmelites, the Celestins, the Monks of Grammont, the learned congregation of St. Maur, and the Order of Cisteaux or Cistertians; to which last belongs the Convent of La Trappe.

The Cistertian Order was founded in 1075, by St. Robert, abbot of Molesme, in Burgundy. Himself and twenty-one of his monks being deeply convinced of the degeneracy of their order, resolved, by divine grace, to dedicate their hearts wholly to God; and literally to follow the rule of their convent, in the strictest observance of St. Bennet's code. Expelled on this account by their nonconforming brethren, they retired with their abbot, to a wilderness called Citeaux (*anciently Cisteaux Lat. Cistercium*), on account of the aqueducts and reservoirs in its neighbourhood. This desert, which is about sixteen miles from Dijon, presented nothing but a vast forest, intermixed by dreary commons; it was haunted by bears, foxes, and wolves, and infested by bands of assassins. Here

the first monastery of the Cistertian Order arose, under the auspices of Eudo, the first Duke of Burgundy. In the beginning they simply adhered to the rule of St. Bennet; it was not till some years after, that St. Stephen, their then abbot, framed the new statutes and constitutions of the Cistertian Order. An Englishman by birth, his high rank and education were concealed by the deepest humility, and the most childlike simplicity; weaned from the world, all the articles of the new institute breathed his own spirit of self-denial. Silence, poverty and renunciation of self, reigned in every part of his establishment. Their crosses were of unhewn wood; their censers of copper, and their lamps of iron. All the ornaments of the church were of coarse woollen, and the monastery itself resembled a collection of miserable huts. One of their statutes was, that they should never receive any donations but from those whom they believed to be truly religious. Their revenues were consequently exceedingly limited. Reduced to subsist on the labor of their own hands, it was long before the ungrateful soil yielded any increase adequate to their wants. The primitive fathers of the Cistertian Institute often sat down to a dinner of parched acorns, and beech nuts; and their collation was wild sorrel and nuts which spontaneously grew in the forest. Thus the statutes of Cisteaux, as far exceeded in austerity those of St. Bennet, as the original Institute of St. Bennet surpassed that of other religious houses. The monastery of La

Trappe, was one of the most ancient abbeys of the Cistercian Order. Scarcely, however, had a few centuries elapsed, when the same relaxation which had pervaded the Order of St. Bennet, also spread its baneful influence over that of Cisteaux. Human nature is the same in every age, and under every circumstance. Nor can the propensities of the fallen soul ever be arrested by any system of human regulations, till the heart itself be thoroughly renewed by an operation of divine power. Even the divine precepts and rules of Scripture can only point out the road. The law given by God himself, is only a lamp to our feet, and a light to our paths; but the knowledge of Christ and him crucified, by an experimental faith, is alone the power of God, and the wisdom of God to salvation. What Christ has done for us, can alone draw us near to God; and what he does in us, can alone enable us to keep a conscience void of offence. When the law of God itself professes only to give the knowledge of sin, vain indeed must it be for any human regulations to expect to work righteousness. Thus the monastic rule, which so many men of true piety have found a valuable help, has proved to others wholly nugatory and insufficient, when rested in for strength, or for a ground of acceptance with God. As no rule can quicken the soul dead in trespasses and sins, so no rule can maintain it in spiritual life. God alone, can be the means of holding our soul in life. The same faith by which the Saviour is received into the

heart can alone maintain him there, who is indeed the resurrection and the life.

The same faith by which we receive Christ alone can enable us to walk in him.

Such was the state of the Cistertian Order, at the period when M. de Rancé determined to become the regular abbot of the monastery of La Trappe.

This celebrated abbey was one of the most ancient belonging to the Order of Cisteaux. It was established by Rotrou the second Count of Perche, and undertaken to accomplish a vow made whilst in peril of shipwreck. In commemoration of this circumstance the roof is made in the shape of the bottom of a ship inverted. It was founded in the twelfth century, and was therefore coeval with the great St. Bernard, the first abbot of Clairvaux. This extraordinary man, whose zeal, whose piety, whose beauty, gave him such great influence in France, was celebrated in all Europe, for the prominent part he bore in preaching the crusades. Nor was he less renowned for the multitude of miracles tradition ascribes to him. He was indeed the Thaumaturgus of the twelfth century. Under his auspices the monastery of La Trappe was first founded.* Many ages, however,

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* It was established under the pontificate of Innocent the Second, and in the reign of Louis the Seventh, in the year 1140. It was therefore built 42 years after the foundation of Cisteaux and 25 after Clairvaux.

had elapsed since its first institution; and at the time that M. de Rancé undertook its superintendence, it exhibited a melancholy and awful picture of the general declension. Its state was corrupt indeed.

Whilst M. de Rancé was projecting plans of the strictest reform, his friends with one voice dissuaded him from an undertaking, which they believed equally hopeless and dangerous.

The monks of La Trappe were not only immersed in luxury and sloth, but they were abandoned to the most shameful and scandalous excesses. Most of them lived by robbery, and several had committed assassinations on the passengers, who had occasion to traverse their woods. The neighbourhood shrunk with terror from the approach of men, who never went abroad unarmed, and whose excursions were marked with bloodshed and violence. The banditti of La Trappe, was the appellation by which they were most generally distinguished.

Such were the men amongst whom M. de Rancé resolved to fix his future abode. Unarmed, and unassisted, but in the panoply of God, and by his Spirit, he went alone amidst this company of ruffians, every one of whom was bent on his destruction. With undaunted boldness, he began by proposing the strictest reform, and not counting his life dear to him, he described the full extent of his purpose, and left them no choice but obedience or expulsion.

Many were the dangers M. de Rancé underwent. Plans were formed, at various times, to poison him, to waylay and assassinate, and even once one of his monks shot at him; but the pistol, though applied close to his head, flashed in the pan, and missed fire. By the good Providence of God all these plans were frustrated, and M. de Rancé not only brought his reform to bear, but several of his most zealous persecutors became his most stedfast adherents. Many were, after a short time, won over by his piety, and by the Spirit of God striving in their hearts. The others left the monastery. Of these, several afterwards returned completely altered characters. The one especially who shot at M. de Rancé became eminent for distinguished piety and learning. He was afterwards subprior of La Trappe. This man proved one of M. de Rancé's most attached friends, and one of his greatest comforts. He lived many years a monument of the divine blessing which accompanies forbearance, even to the vilest characters, and under the greatest provocations.*

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* Many of those who became most eminent for piety in this monastery, were, originally, persons of the most extraordinary profligacy and wickedness. The accounts of the lives of the Trappests are most of them interesting. It is curious to observe the steps by which so wonderful a change was effected. How men of like passions with ourselves could ever feel it either an inclination or a duty to enter upon a mode of life so alien to common ways of thinking or feeling. Some of these accounts contain passages truly edifying.

The same ardor and vehemence of character which had distinguished the abbot of La Trappe in the world, now characterized him equally in the cloister. The zeal of the founder was visible in every part of his discipline. The astonishing austerity of this reform at La Trappe may well make nature recoil. Yet, improbable as it may appear, scarcely was the institution completed before it became continually crowded with votaries. Nor have the numbers ever diminished, notwithstanding the perpetual violence it imposes on every human feeling.

The situation of the monastery is well adapted to M. de Rancé's views. It originally received the name of La Trappe, from the intricacy of the road which leads to it, and the great difficulty of discovering any access or egress.

This abbey is situated not far from Evreux and St. Maurice.

On descending an hill near the latter village, the traveller suddenly finds himself at the skirts of a dark forest, which extends further than the eye can reach, over an immense tract of country. Here it becomes necessary to take a guide, for the way is so exceedingly intricate, that even those best acquainted with it, are in perpetual danger of losing their road.

The whole of the way is inexpressibly dreary. It is only diversified by a few lone huts, or solitary dilapidated chapels. Here and there are seen beneath the spreading trees, a few decaying crosses, raised by pious hands. The squirrels, hares, and

foxes, seemed, undisturbed, to possess the whole domain.

After traversing these lone roads for some hours, the trees become thicker, and tangled with underwood, and the traveller reaches a thick wood, clothing the sudden slope of a hill. Here a most romantic prospect opens. Hills of every variety of form, present themselves to the eye on every side, and they are completely covered with forests, offering the most fanciful variety of tint and foliage.

On penetrating the midst of this thicket, a little path, or rather track, is pointed out by the guide, if indeed one may call by that name a way where no vestige of any human footstep appears. A little blaze here and there on particular trees, is the only direction. Even this is so faintly marked, that to others but the guide, it would be nearly imperceptible. After pursuing this path for about three miles, through a maze of the most intricate turnings and windings, and through every diversity of rise and fall, the traveller again finds an opening in the trees. Here he discovers himself to be on the overhanging brow of a hill; the descent of which is clothed with wood, and so perpendicular, as to appear impracticable, till led by the guide to a zig-zag path, concealed by the trees, and hollowed out of the side of the rock; it appears impossible to advance a step, without tumbling headlong into the valley beneath.

The prospect is truly awful and striking. On

all sides nothing is visible but hills, rising one beyond another, and completely covered with dark forests. These extend in endless continuity, without the least apparent vestige of any human footstep having ever trod them before. An almost deathlike silence and stillness reigns all around. Directly under the feet, but at a great depth, is a long and steep valley, so narrow and so thickly wooded, as to be almost impervious to the rays of the sun.

This valley is interspersed with eleven lakes. The waters are completely stagnant, their hue is dark and dismal. These lakes connecting one with another, in two circles, form a double moat about the monastery. In the middle of the day the venerable abbey of La Trappe appears rising in the centre. In the morning and evening the exhalations arising from the waters are so thick, that only its dark grey towers, above the curling vapour, or the deep tone of its bell, announces to the traveller that he has reached his journey's end.

Perhaps there is not a situation in the whole world more calculated to inspire religious awe, than the first view of the monastery of La Trappe. The total solitude, the undisturbed silence, and the deep solemnity of the scene, is indescribable. The only adequate comparison of sensation I can make is that excited by the sight of death.

In descending the steep, through difficult and intricate by-paths, the traveller again loses sight of the abbey, till he has actually reached the bot-

tom of the hill. Then emerging from the trees, the following inscription immediately before him appears in stone work, above the grate of the convent.

" C'est ici que la mort et la vérité
" Elevent leurs flambeaux terribles
" C'est de cette demeure au monde inaccessible
" Que l'on passe a l'éternité."

The general scope of which might be thus rendered:—

" Here truth, with death and silence reigns;
" Their dread light shines within this grate:
" Far from the world, no change remains
" From hence, until the eternal state."*

Such is the external appearance of La Trappe. It soon became the theatre of the most astonishing reform, which has perhaps ever been witnessed. I think I said that M. de Rancé at first met with many difficulties from the monks, and that they made frequent attempts on his life. Four different times

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* The abbey of La Trappe is immediately surrounded by a venerable grove of aged oak trees. Over the gateway is a statue of St. Bernard. He holds in one hand a church, and in the other a spade: the emblems of devotion and labor. This door leads into a court, which opens into a second enclosure, full of luxuriant fruit trees. Around it are granaries, a stable, a bakehouse, mill, brewhouse, and all other offices necessary to the monastery.

he was on the very point of being assassinated. The Lord, however, whom he served, preserved him, and delivered him out of the hands of his enemies. His power accompanied his servant; and at length he succeeded, even beyond his most sanguine expectations. So that the institution may now justly prove a wonder to all succeeding ages, though perhaps not to be viewed as a pattern, by those who have not received the same peculiar call. In considering the contradictions M. de Rancé at first met with, I often had brought to my mind that promise, that one who fears the Lord, shall, in his strength, overcome a thousand of his enemies.

The abstinence practised by the monks of La Trappe is truly wonderful. Neither meat, fish, eggs, or butter are ever allowed, even in cases of extreme sickness. Vegetables, water, and bread, in very limited quantity, is what they mostly partake of. On grand festivals, a little hyssop, salt, and cheese, are added to the usual repast. They only eat twice a day. They have a slender meal at about ten in the morning, and a collation of two ounces of bread in the evening. Both meals together are not to exceed twelve ounces. The same quantity of water, is likewise allowed.

The same spirit of mortification is observable in their cells. They are very small, and contain very little furniture. A bed, as hard as iron, and as knotted as a crabstick; one rug, a few good books, and a human skull, comprise the whole of their inventory.

The bare floor would be infinitely preferable to the knotted straw rope of which their bed is composed.

When any one who is ill, reaches the last extremity, he is placed on a bed made of dust and ashes on the brick floor, to expire.

An unbroken silence is maintained throughout the whole monastery, excepting during one hour on Sunday. Then a convocation of the brethren is held, and those who feel inclined, may make a short speech, on religious subjects. No such thing however as conversation, is ever allowed. With respect to any intercourse, each member is nearly as much insulated, as if he alone existed in the universe. If two of them are ever seen standing together, or pursuing their daily work near each other, even though they should observe the strictest silence, it is considered as a violation of the rule.

Perhaps some facts could scarcely be credited concerning them, which are however strictly and literally true. None but the abbot and prior know the name, age, rank, or even the native country of any of the different members of the community. Every one, at his first entrance, assumes a new name. With his former appellation, each is supposed not only to quit the world, but to abjure every recollection and memorial of his former self. No word ever drops from their lips which can possibly give the least clue, by which the others can guess who they are, or where they come from. Often have persons of the very same name, family, and neighbourhood, lived together

in the convent for years unknown to each other; nor have they suspected their proximity, till at the death of the one, the name on the grave stone revealed the secret to the survivor. Some years ago a youth of great talents entered himself at La Trappe. His early and deep piety edified the whole society. After a few years the austerities he had practised at so early an age, undermined his health. He fell into a slow decline. One of the monks was appointed to attend him. He was selected as having himself left the world at a very early period. The youth died. About a year after his death, one of the monks happening to go rather earlier than usual into the burying ground, their usual walking place; he saw the monk who attended the youth standing with his arms folded, contemplating his tomb. On hearing him, he immediately fell back into the walk: no more notice was taken, the burying ground continued the daily walking place, nor did any other symptom ever escape. Ten years after the monk died. His grave-stone unfolded the secret. It was his only son whom he wept, and whom, though unknown to him, he had so diligently attended.

Though the monks of La Trappe do not associate together, their behaviour to each other is marked with the most attentive politeness. When one of them, by any chance, meets another, he always uncovers himself, and bows. At the hour of repast, they wait by turns at table. The servitors always bow as they present each person with

any thing. Yet as they always keep their eyes fixed on the ground, unless necessarily obliged to raise them, they in fact scarcely know each other's faces.

Their attention to prevent noise is very great. If any thing be by chance spilt at dinner, or thrown down, the person accidentally doing it, quits his seat, and prostrates himself on the ground, in the middle of the hall, till commanded by a signal from the abbot to rise.

The abstraction of mind practised at La Trappe is so great, that some of them have even forgotten the day of the week ; and their thoughts are so exercised in holy meditations, that, like the Therapeutæ of old, they have been said often in their sleep to have broken out into the most beautiful prayers and thanksgivings.

One fact is certainly true, which is, that their abstraction from every worldly concern is so great, that none but the superiors know under what king's reign even they are living.

The hardships undergone by the monks of La Trappe, appear almost insupportable to human nature.

They are allowed a very small fire in the common hall in winter. But no one is to go nearer it than his business indispensably requires ; much less are they permitted, on any account, to sit down for the purpose of warming themselves.

On grand festivals the brethren rise at midnight, otherwise they are not called till three quarters

past one. At two they meet in the chapel, where they perform different services, public and private, till seven in the morning. At this hour they go out to labor in the open air. Their work is always of the most laborious and fatiguing kind. It is never intermitted winter or summer. Nor does their rule admit of any relaxation from the state of the weather.

Neither is any change of dress allowed them from the variation of the season. They are never permitted either to change or take off their thick woollen clothes, either by day or night, summer or winter.

Whether they be frozen by the winter's snow or drenched by rain, and by the excessive perspiration they occasion, the monks are not permitted to take them off to dry them night nor day, till they are so completely worn out as to be laid aside.

Hence, probably, the numbers who die from rheumatic, and other painful complaints.

Persons on entering La Trappe, not only renounce their worldly possessions, but they write to take leave of all their connexions, and immediately break off all intercourse with their very nearest relations.

When a relative of any one of the community dies, information is never given to the individual most immediately interested. It is only mentioned publicly and in general terms thus: "A father, or sister, of one of our members is departed; the prayers of the whole community are requested."

The Abbé de Rancé turned out a novice, as not having the spirit of the order, because he observed him in weeding put by the nettles, to prevent being stung.

Their labor being over, they go into chapel for a short time, till half-past ten, which is the hour of repast. At a quarter after eleven they read till noon. They lie down and rest from twelve till one, which is the hour of nones. Half an hour after they are summoned into the garden, where they work till three.

They then read for three quarters of an hour, and retire for one quarter to their private meditations, by way of preparation for vespers, which begin at four and end at five. They next sup, generally on bread and water, and afterwards retire to read in private, till half-past six. Then the public reading begins, and lasts till seven, the hour of complin. At eight they leave the chapel, and retire to rest.

The common-hall where they assemble, both in their private and public readings, is hung with paintings of the most awful description.

The representation of a corpse; the same in a state of decomposition; and also as a skeleton; a soul in purgatory; and another writhing in the flames of hell, are amongst those which I particularly recollect.

At La Trappe they have continued a custom, which was very prevalent in the middle ages. That of placing little inscriptions, or moralities, as they

used to be called, over the door of almost every room. That belonging to the eating hall, I thought peculiarly apposite. "Melius est, ad olera, cum charitate vocari, quam ad vitulum saginatum, cum odio" (Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith).

The establishment of such a reform, in opposition to the rooted purpose of every individual monk against it, is truly astonishing. Most of those who were most violently against it were completely won over. But it is still more surprising that notwithstanding the great austerities of La Trappe, perhaps there was never any rule more zealously upheld by its proselytes, or which has ever been more numerously resorted to.

Notwithstanding the immense number of deaths occasioned by these rigorous austerities, there are seldom less than two hundred, and even two hundred and fifty inmates in this monastery. They do not however all belong to the regular clergy. The brethren may be classed under three different descriptions; the monks, properly speaking, who are all priests, and who wear a white woollen dress; the lay-brothers, who take the same vows, and follow the same rule, but who act as servants in transacting the temporal concerns of the abbey. They are distinguished by a grey gown and cowl. The third class are the frêres donnés, or brothers given for a time. These last are not properly belonging to the order. They are rather religious persons, whose business or connexions prevent their joining

the order absolutely. But who wishing to renew serious impressions, or to retire from the world for a season, come and stay for a given time, during which they are subject to all the rules, without wishing to join the order for life. Many persons on their first conversion, or after some peculiar dispensation of Providence, come and retire for six months, or a year, for the purposes of meditation; others only come for two or three months. The frêres donnés form a considerable portion of the community at all times, though the individuals composing them continually fluctuate. They conform to all the rules, without adopting the monastic habit, only they dress in grave colours, with broad hats, and flaps to their coats.

The monks of La Trappe will not exhibit their institution to those who wish to see it from curiosity. They are, however, truly courteous and hospitable to all who wish to visit them, from motives of piety. Nobody is allowed to stay as a mere guest longer than three days. During the limits of their visit the greatest kindness and respect is shewn them. Their visitors are treated with nearly the same fare as themselves; so that notwithstanding the kindness of the good fathers, a stranger unaccustomed to their rules, is nearly starved, before the expiration of the visit.

On the arrival of every stranger, the monk who receives him, prostrates himself at his feet, and makes a benedictory prayer. He is treated with the greatest respect, and two of the fathers are im-

mediately appointed to attend him. They are always willing to give every information to strangers, if they are careful to ask in the proper places; but there are certain parts of the convent, where they are neither allowed to speak at all themselves, nor to suffer others to do it. Though they are very ready to answer questions in proper places, yet the rule of the order enjoins, that even to strangers they shall not voluntarily enter into conversation but for the use of edifying. I believe that very few even amongst protestants have visited La Trappe, without being deeply struck with the heavenly countenances of these recluses, and with the truly angelic discourse which flows from their lips, as from a fountain of living water.

Perhaps the most astonishing part of M. de Rancé's reform is, not the mere introduction of a new rule, but the total change, which is so soon visible in the manners, the inclinations, and the very countenances of his disciples. This, no doubt, proves that God was of a truth with him; for this is a change his Spirit alone could have wrought. Few enter La Trappe, who do not in a short time acquire a totally new countenance and demeanor.

It is impossible to describe the gravity, benignity, peace, and love visible in most of their aspects, or the humility and yet self-possessed politeness and attention in their manners. I remember when I was there, being most peculiarly struck with one of them. I think I never saw such venerable holy gravity, and yet celestial joy and love irradiate any

human countenance. I could not take my eyes off a countenance the most angelic I ever beheld, or conceived. I concluded he had been twenty or thirty years an inmate of this seclusion. It so happened that he was next day appointed our conductor. I asked his age; what was my astonishment at the reply! "Six and twenty." I inquired how long he had been an inhabitant of La Trappe. "As a monk two years." I then asked what he was before. "Do you then forget me?" said he, smiling. I cannot express the surprise I felt at finding that this venerable saint, apparently fifty, was no other than a gay young captain in the French guards, whom I well remembered, five or six years before, to have been one of the most elegant and dissipated young men in Paris.

A visitor at La Trappe one day expressing some admiration at their self-denial; the brethren laying their hands on their hearts, with a look of deep humiliation, replied, "We bless God that we find him all sufficient, without those things you speak of. As for our giving them up, we can claim no merit. Our deepest penances need to be repented of. We should have been here to little purpose, had we not learnt, that our polluted righteousnesses, our insensible penitences, as our blackest sins, are altogether unholy, and unclean. Through the precious blood of Christ; for his sake, and through his Spirit, they can alone find mercy, much more acceptance, with God.

When the monks of La Trappe are asked why

they chose this seclusion ? their answer is uniform. "To glorify God, to repent of our sins, and to pray for the unhappy world, which prays not for itself."

M. de Rancé having been asked, why he alone enjoined so many austerities which no other religious order practises ? is said to have replied to the following import. I by no means consider them as practices to be adopted by all, yet I dare not aver they might be safely neglected by us. The grand peculiarities of the gospel are alone essential to all collectively; yet no doubt, an attention to our own peculiar call, is equally essential to each individually. I can give the right hand of fellowship, or rather can sit at the feet of all those who have an experimental knowledge of what Christ does for us by his atonement, and in us by his Spirit. Whether they be called to missions, with the Jesuits ; to acts of mercy like the order of La Charité ; to enlighten the world, like the congregation of St. Maur; to preach, like the Dominicans ; to humiliation, like the Minimi ; or to contemplation, like the order of La Visitation; I can still honor the work of my Lord, in them all ; and recognize from my heart, that Ἓν σῶμα καὶ ἓν πνεῦμα, καθὼς καὶ ἐκλήθητε ἐν μιᾷ ἐλπίδι τῆς κλήσεως ὑμῶν· εἷς Κύριος, μία πίστις, ἓν βάπτισμα, εἷς Θεὸς καὶ πατὴρ πάντων, ὁ ἐπὶ πάντων καὶ διὰ πάντων καὶ ἐν πᾶσιν ἡμῖν (There is one body and one spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling ; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God

and father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all.) Nevertheless, I must also add with the apostle, Διαιρέσεις δὲ χαρισμάτων εἰσὶ, τὸ δὲ αὐτὸ Πνεῦμα· καὶ διαιρέσεις διακονιῶν εἰσὶ, καὶ ὁ αὐτὸς Κύριος· καὶ διαιρέσεις ἐνεργημάτων εἰσὶν, ὁ δὲ αὐτός, ἐστι Θεος ὁ ἐνεργῶν τα πάντα ἐν πᾶσιν. (There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit, and there are diversities of administrations, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all.) For assuredly, unto every one of us is given all grace, according to the measure of the gift of Christ: yet, as we are all called to be living members of the church of Christ, which is joined and compacted by that which every joint supplieth; no one can safely neglect his own peculiar call.

The words which God employed to effect my conversion, were spoken to me by a very poor man. Yet ever since the change I experienced, I have believed it our calling, in particular, to shew the Christian world, that as every worldly gift without God is empty, so God, without any worldly good, is, as of old, all sufficient.

The piety and patience of the brethren of La Trappe are truly astonishing and admirable. One of them, owing to intense labor, had suffered from the rheumatism, till a mortification on his back and shoulders had actually taken place. Although a wound had existed for two years, yet not a word of complaint escaped his lips; nor did he by any gesture indicate the exquisite torture

he endured from the rough woollen garment he wore next his skin. At length the blood oozing through betrayed him. A surgeon was sent for. On examination the mortification had proceeded so far that it was impossible to save his life, but by actually cutting off the flesh to the very quick, so as to lay his bones entirely bare. The surgeon pronounced it to be one of the most painful operations possible. He desired the subject might be tied, as nothing else could enable him to endure it. The patient replied, with a look of deep humility and thankfulness,—" Of myself I know I could not bear it, but God, I trust, will enable me." The patient accordingly sat down and the operation began. None of the assistants could refrain from tears. The holy man did not, however, once change countenance; the same peace and composure sat upon his features. The surgeon was perfectly astonished. He told M. de Rancé who was by, that the torture which the patient underwent was so great, that the effort he made to refrain from groaning, was sufficient to kill him on the spot, and that he must sink under it. M. de Rancé commanded him to give way to his feelings. The poor man raised his eyes with a look of exquisite suffering, but yet with a benignant peaceful joy, and said, " That through the infinite mercy of God, his soul was kept in perfect peace. That he never had such a view of the goodness of God in the extremity of the Savior's sufferings; that he

was favored with such an inexpressible sense of the depth of his love, that he found as much difficulty in refraining from tears of joy, and songs of thanksgiving, as he thought he should have found in refraining from groans;" then, with a fervent voice, and clasping his hands together, he added, "O! the unsearchable depth of the riches of the love of God in Christ." So saying, he fell back and expired!

Nor was this spirit at all uncommon at La Trappe. I think you would find great pleasure and edification in reading "Memoires touchant la vie et la mort de plusieures religieux de la Trappe." It is a deeply pious work, published by Dom Pierre le Nain, sub-prior of La Trappe; in which he gives an account of the lives and blessed ends of many of these truly excellent men. He has also published an account of M. de Rancé, which many prefer to M. de Meaupeaux, and to M. Villefores. I suppose you know that Dom Pierre le Nain is brother to our friend the celebrated M. Tillemont. Both were in the school of Chênet. How truly thankful and joyful should we be in the midst of our persecution, that it has pleased God, so to bless our endeavors, and to make our little schools the means of producing such excellent and valuable men.

M. de Rancé does not encourage learning in his monastery. Some persons think he discourages it too much; perhaps it arose from having so long

experienced the effects of unsanctified learning himself, that made him not sufficiently appreciate the value of that which was sanctified. His controversy on the subject with the amiable and learned Mabillon is well known. The congregation of St. Maur was at this time at the height of its celebrity for its deep erudition. Distinguished by the labors of Menard, D'Acherri, Mabillon, Ruinart, Germain, Montfaucon, Martin, Vaisette, le Nourri, Martianay, Martenne, and Massuet; its splendid and learned editions of the fathers of the Christian church, had already spread its fame over the Christian world. They were at this very period engaged in some of their most laborious and valuable works. These pious and learned Benedictines felt themselves therefore called upon in a peculiar manner to reply to M. de Rancé's work. They selected Father Mabillon as the fittest member of their body to defend their cause. The controversy continued for some time. Perhaps M. de Rancé's replies shew that even the very best of men too often find it difficult to distinguish their individual experience from that universal observation, on which alone general rules can be justly founded.

Blessed be God, he has shewn us, by the examples of both these excellent societies, that with him it is neither learned nor unlearned, Greek nor barbarian, which avails any thing, but only a new creature, an heart renewed after his image in righteousness and true holiness; even his grace in a

crucified Redeemer, apprehended by faith, and working by love.

Whilst the deeply holy but unlettered fathers of La Trappe exemplified to the world that God is all-sufficient, and that the way of holiness is so plain, that even a fool need not err therein: the equally pious, but more learned congregation of St. Maur, shew forth in all the earth, that with every advantage of talent and science, it is yet possible, by the grace of God, so to learn Christ, as with St. Paul, to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

I believe I ought to apologize to you, my reverend Mother, for this long digression concerning M. de Rancé; but the institution is so unparalleled, and has lately excited so much curiosity, that I thought you might be interested in knowing the steps which led to its establishment.

M. de Rancé is not the only disciple of M. d'Alêt. Many other persons equally eminent, though not so singular, also owe their spiritual birth to him; especially the learned antiquarian Montfaucon, of St. Maur.

I confess, however, that I was still more struck with the more than paternal care M. d'Alêt takes of his flock, than even with the luminous pastoral instructions he has addressed to celebrated and eminent men. The latter might have been attributed to a desire of having disciples, who might establish his reputation, did not the former shew, that his chief care is bestowed on those whom God

alone has given him. He very often says,—"Souls, my brethren, are of equal value, O! that we were but deeply persuaded of it! A poet in a neighbouring island has said, that the beetle which is crushed unheeded, feels a pang as great as when a giant dies. Though this is more poetic than philosophic as it respects the body, how true is it in the second death, in the death of the soul! There the wretch who expires on a dunghill, or the prince who departed from a silken couch, alike feel the relentless gnawing of the worm that dieth not; and writhe in equal torture on the bed of flames that will never be quenched! An equal hell awaits sinners of every rank; an equal Heaven invites every seeker; an equal Savior died for every individual soul. O! let us go to Calvary and Golgotha, to learn how very precious is the very least and meanest in the sight of Christ *our* Savior. Let us go daily to Gethsemane and to the sepulchre, to learn how we ought to love and bear on our hearts every soul of man!"

I was astonished to find it a literal fact, that M. d'Alêt knows both the temporal and spiritual wants of every single individual throughout the whole of his extensive diocese. This is actually the case respecting even children above ten years old; and I am told, there is not one, the meanest shepherd's boy, whose situation he does not thoroughly inquire into once every year. If any lads appear to have good parts he places them in seminaries, which he has established in every town.

He keeps a peculiarly watchful eye over any that appear seriously disposed, and if they shew talents, he places them in the ministry. He often watches over them for years; nor does he ever regard expense in their education, when they seem likely to prove a real blessing in the church. Perhaps it cannot be said with truth of many other bishops besides M. d'Alêt, that he never ordained any individual who was not a decidedly religious character. He often says, that he considers that bishops can have no power to ordain but where they see those fruits, which prove the Spirit of God to have first called.

M. d'Alêt's information respecting the female part of his flock is equally extensive and correct.

This accurate investigation is accomplished by means of numerous societies, which he has instituted, and to which he has given the name of regents or teachers.

One of the female societies of this description I shall give you an account of. I was introduced to the superior by M. d'Alêt, and I understand, that all the others, both male and female, are formed on a similar plan.

In the one which I saw, all the ladies were of high birth and fortune; indeed it is necessary they should be persons of some independence, because the society is not endowed, and has no funds appropriated to its use, like a convent. For though all live in one house, and are boarded at a common table, yet the expense is furnished by each one

separately paying her quota. Hence, though it so happened that all those I saw were noble, yet persons of every rank are equally accepted, though a competency is indispensable. Some of them, however, are of a very elevated rank. Amongst them is Madame de Pamiers, widow of the Baron de Mirepoix, of the house of Levi, of which the noble family of Ventadour is but the younger branch.

Good health, good sense, independent circumstances, conciliating manners, and deep piety, are essentially requisite to gain admittance into the society of Regents.

These ladies take no vows, yet they live much in the same manner as religious orders; they only maintain the laws of the cloister in their own house. There, as in nunneries, no men ever enter without an absolute necessity. They do not wear a monastic dress; yet they are all clothed exactly alike. They wear dark stuffs which reach up close to the throat with long sleeves down to the wrists. Their handkerchiefs also come up close to the throat; and their caps, which are very neat, cover the whole of their hair, excepting a little on the forehead, so that they are directly known in the street, whether they go out to visit the sick or to attend mass. Whenever they appear either singly or together, they are always treated with the greatest respect. All the passengers stand aside to let them pass; and when they go to church the crowd instantly divides to let them take the best seats.

The object of this society is peculiarly that of instructing and relieving their own sex; it unites the offices of nursing the sick, instructing the ignorant, and giving spiritual help to the distressed. Two of its most important aims are, teaching domestic management to poor families, and forming schools for girls. To accomplish these ends each society of Regents have a large house at Alêt, which may be termed its head quarters. Here the superior and prioress always reside, and are immediately under the bishop's inspection. They have with them an assistant committee, chosen half-yearly out of the whole society. Here all instructions are given by the bishop, and all orders are issued to the rest of the body; all information is received from them, and all their wants are supplied by the superior and committee. In this house is a very good library: it is composed of every work of piety and valuable information, which can possibly be useful either to give or lend to any of their own sex, from the cottage to the palace.

They have also an extensive apothecary's shop and surgery. All the regents receive regular instruction in dressing wounds, nursing, and in mixing and dispensing medicines from the first professional men in the place. The upper story of the house consists of one large magazine, stored with flannel clothing, blankets, sheets, and every thing which the poor and sick can want.

They have also a very neat little chapel; it is only furnished with plain wooden benches and straw

hassocks. They have a remarkably sweet-toned organ, with many harps and lutes. Most of the ladies have not only sweet voices, but are perfect mistresses of music. By this means the playing and singing is such, that even the first connoisseurs might receive delight from the superior excellency of their performance.

The regents have not separate cells like nuns, but one exceedingly large dormitory. Down each side are deep recesses, wide enough to contain a small bed, a book shelf, a chair and a table. In each recess is a window. At the entrance to every one is a thick woollen cloth curtain, which being let down, leaves the individual in private; and deadens the sound which would otherwise be perceptible from so many people.

The superior is a woman of fine understanding, great strength of mind, and great activity. She is highly respected by the whole society; indeed the love, unity, and perfect intelligence which reign amongst all the members of this little community is truly admirable.

The establishment I have now described is at Alêt, where I must observe all the regents spend about six months in every year. The whole community reside together from the week before passion week till the middle of September. This season they devote to prayer, studying the Scriptures, working to supply the stock of poor's clothes; nursing and instructing the people, and attending on the lectures given them by M. d'Alêt; in short,

their chief object in the summer months is to instruct themselves, and to prepare against winter.

Early in the autumn the good bishop selects a large detachment of them, and appoints the district where they are to labor till the next Easter. Accordingly, in September they set out for the country, where they spend the winter; this being, though the least convenient to them, the most favorable season for instructing the poor. In summer the poor are obliged to labor in the fields so assiduously that they have but little time for learning. In winter the case is different. Their wants urge them to implore the assistance of the rich, and their increased leisure affords more opportunity of profiting by their instructions.

As soon as the ladies reach the district appointed for the year, six of them go to the principal town and take possession of a house, provided on purpose for them, by the bishop; the rest of the detachment proceed two and two to houses appointed for them, in like manner in all the villages immediately circumjacent.

In these houses the ladies remain the whole time. No man ever enters, nor do they ever go out but to chapel, and as it falls to the turn of each to visit the sick in the town. A medicine closet, and clothes for the poor, are immediately provided, and they are themselves supplied with every requisite from Alêt.

As soon as they arrive at any town, they immediately deliver a letter of recommendation to the

principal clergyman in the place; and also an order from the bishop, that he should immediately give the whole town notice of their arrival. Accordingly a printed paper is put up in the market place, and in the corners of the streets, with an invitation to all females, of every age and denomination to wait on them.

In a hall appropriated for the purpose, they receive all the women and children who choose to come, and immediately begin a regular and settled plan of instruction, which fully occupies them from morning till night.

The morning instruction is generally of a temporal, and the evening of a spiritual nature. One day in the week is devoted to teach the young women to cut out clothes to advantage, cheap cookery, and many things of the like nature. Every other day a school is held for the girls. They are instructed in reading, writing, working and accounts. Part of every day is devoted to religious reading and catechetical instruction. It is expected that no book shall be read, nor any catechism used, which has not been prescribed by the bishop. The ladies are, however, expected to use their own discretion in commenting and applying their instructions to existing circumstances. At these meetings all of their own sex are invited to be present; there are, however, other meetings, which are more particularly designed for those who have made farther advances; or who have manifested a disposition decidedly serious. In

these they have readings of a more spiritual nature, to which they add exhortation, and a little free spiritual conversation, in which each person, who is inclined, relates her experience, or asks advice. Besides this, the regents have once a fortnight private conversation with every individual who attends them. So that there is not a single person with whose state of mind they are unacquainted.

Once a month they all assemble from the neighbouring villages in their house in town. Here they give an account of their mutual labors, state their difficulties, encourage each other, arrange their plans for the ensuing month, and draw up a statement of their progress, and a catalogue of their wants, which is sent to the superior and committee at Alêt; and is by them transmitted to the bishop. In this account every individual is mentioned, and it is by this means M. d'Alêt acquires so extensive an acquaintance with his diocese.

After the regents have been two or three months in a place, and are well acquainted with the people, they make choice of some of the most pious and intelligent, whom they take into their house, and to whom they give instructions, to qualify them to conduct every thing on the same plan, after their departure. They also select some of the most pious ladies to take the superintendence of the whole. Thus little schools and religious societies are formed all over the diocese. They also instruct in mixing medicines, attending the sick, &c. By this regular system stability has been given to

their institution. Wherever they have once obtained footing, not only a total, but a permanent reform, has mostly succeeded their labors.

It is astonishing how much the regents are beloved and respected. If they are seen in the streets, each one in passing is sure to pull off his hat and stand aside. Not seldom have I seen the roughest boors bless them with tears in their eyes. Even the little children are delighted with their winning, affectionate, and cheerful manners.

"*We* had the regents last year!" is a sentence often pronounced with great exultation in the diocese of Alêt. I have often seen the words,—"The regents are come!" diffuse the same joy over a whole village, as though it had been a public festival.

The labors of these ladies are by no means solely confined to the poor; those amongst the rich and noble, who want their advice, are perfectly at liberty to ask it, whilst they reside in their district.

It has nevertheless been found necessary to make strict, or rather inviolable rules. Otherwise the accumulating multiplicity of acquaintance would subject them to a degree of intrusion, which would effectually defeat the object of their labors.

The established rules are therefore never departed from. Whilst the regents wholly devote themselves to their own district, and receive every one there who chooses it; they, at the same time, never allow, on any pretext whatever, of any cor-

respondence, either by letter or visits, with any individuals whose quarter they have left.

Should any letter be sent, a short but polite answer from the superior states their rule and the reason for it; and the writer is referred to the established superintendence of the district. Nor is any intercourse resumed, till in the course of their rounds they again return to the same place.

With the superintendents and the ladies' committees they keep up a constant communication. The bishop also takes care that they shall be regularly inspected by the minister of the place.

On the regent's return to Alêt in spring, they render an account of all they have done; they are peculiarly careful to mark all the errors and mistakes they have fallen into, and appoint solemn seasons of retirement, fasting and prayer, to implore the divine forgiveness.

It is astonishing how great a blessing has accompanied the works of these truly devoted women. Their footsteps throughout the diocese may be almost traced by the reformation visible. Perhaps few since the days of the apostles, have better fulfilled the object they have in view, a conformity, through a loving faith, to both the active and contemplative life of Christ.

A gentleman on a visit at Alêt, being much surprised at the great reform he witnessed, said one day to the superior,—" All your sisters must be persons of very extraordinary talents." " God forbid we should think so," replied she; " or that

we should suffer you to remain in such a delusion. We do not generally find those of the greatest talents the most useful. Those sisters amongst us have been most eminently blessed who have had the deepest experimental knowledge of their own unworthiness, and of Christ's fulness, we find that Christ is our all in all, and that we are nothing. All depends on looking at him continually with a lively loving faith. My sisters are so destitute of every good thing, that they are moment by moment compelled to go to him, and to draw out of his fulness. From him who never spake as man spake, do we seek a mouth and utterance; from him who is a Wonderful Counsellor, and who is made unto us wisdom, do we ask spiritual wisdom. On him that is strong, do we wait to renew our strength; and from the Lamb, without blemish, and without spot, who bore our iniquities, and who was slain for us, from him alone, do we seek true love and patience. He only is our strength; nor is he only so, but also our Redeemer likewise. Whilst we desire every moment to rely on his strength, we also feel every moment the necessity of fresh forgiveness through his precious blood.

A gentleman at M. d'Alêt's, who was much pleased with their union of activity and recollection, used often to smile, and call them, "Sisters of the Order of Martha and Mary." One of them replied, "We do indeed desire to serve our Lord with cheerful Martha's busy hands, and to sit at his feet with Mary's loving heart: yet as our Lord

himself was the source of both Martha's industry and Mary's humiliation, if you will call us any thing, we had rather it were sisters of the order of the love of Christ.

The Bishop of Alêt has formed very similar institutions amongst the men; nevertheless, as he must himself be accountable for his charge, he does not blindly trust the report of *any* persons, however excellent.

He has divided his diocese into ten districts. Though now upwards of seventy, he always resides one month in the year in each. So that he is every year three months at Alêt, and nine months in making the tour of his diocese. During these pastoral visits his labor is almost incredible. He sees and speaks to every single individual himself. He also lays down a plan of instruction for the ecclesiastic of the place till next year.

The difficulties through which M. d'Alêt is carried in these visits, are fresh proofs of the unspeakable love of our Savior; of his pity to the poor of his flock, and of his faithfulness to those who put their trust in him, and who have been sent forth by his Spirit to preach his dying love and quickening power to poor ignorant sinners.

The diocese of M. d'Alêt is situated near the foot of the Pyrenees. Whoever has seen the dreadful passes in these mountains, will be immediately convinced that grace and not nature could alone induce an aged man, of above seventy, to tempt them every month. Some of the places have no

road, but a path scooped out of the rock; in others the footing is washed away by torrents, and only a few loose stones remain. Over these tremendous passes the litter of M. d'Alêt is constantly seen to traverse. Frequently the road is too narrow for its width, and it is seen overhanging precipices a quarter of a mile in perpendicular depth; in which one false step of either mule must have infallibly precipitated him.

On such occasions it is delightful to see the people's love for their aged pastor; the young shepherds beneath falling on their knees in prayer for his preservation, whilst the hoary headed ones, whose faith is stronger, seem to chide their doubts, exclaiming, "God is with him! his footsteps *shall not* slide."

Notwithstanding M. d'Alêt's deep piety, he frequently invites to his house promising young men of less decided characters, in hopes of gaining them over. His cheerful and pious conversation has often been the means of their conversion. How far that may ever be the case with our friend, the Abbé Gagliani, who is at present here, I will not venture to say. He was always rather inclined to be self-opinionated, and fond of novelties in religion, from the unhappy effects of unsanctified learning; but lately the young man's head seems completely turned by the good success of one of his sallies, which I could wish his holiness had rather repressed than encouraged. You know Gagliani's learning, and especially his mineralogical talents. His holiness, who is a great

patron of science, gave him a commission to examine the fossil productions of Vesuvius, and send him specimens. Gagliani, who delights in these researches, but who would have been too poor to have undertaken the tour for his own amusement, was glad enough of the commission. He soon formed a most beautiful and rare collection; and arranging it in the most elegant and scientific order, he sent it to the pope with a note. The prelate, on opening the seal, only found this line,—"Dic ut lapides isti panes fiant," ("Command that these stones be made bread.") The pope, who is a great lover of wit, notwithstanding his piety, immediately enclosed an order for a very considerable pension in return, with a note, which in allusion to Gagliani's suspected heresy, is as follows: "The pope is rejoiced to see, that the Abbé Gagliani seems at length convinced that to the successors of St. Peter belongs the exclusive prerogative of seizing the true spirit of texts of Scripture. His holiness never gave any explanation with greater pleasure, since he is fully convinced that the interpretation herewith sent will perfectly satisfy the Abbé Gagliani's remaining doubts as to his infallibility."

M. d'Alêt looked rather grave when he heard this anecdote, and said,—"I could be well satisfied if we had a pontiff of less wit, and more reverence for God's revealed word."

Notwithstanding M. d'Alêt's extreme age, he is equally remarkable for his humility, attentive politeness, and an amiable temper.

There are several hamlets belonging to the village of Alêt, which are both remote and difficult of access. A poor woman who was exceedingly ill, desired her husband to go to the curate, and request him to come and to administer the sacrament immediately. It was very late in the evening, and quite dark. As the roads were besides covered with snow, and exceedingly dangerous, the curate did not like to go at such an hour. "My good friend," said he, "perhaps your wife may not be so ill as you imagine. You see the weather; besides at this late hour consider the imminent danger of falling over the precipices. I will wait on your wife early to-morrow, but it is out of the question to night.

The poor man, almost in despair, ran to the episcopal palace, and stated his case. M. d'Alêt was gone to bed. He, however, immediately rose. On looking out of the window and seeing that the weather was really bad; he ordered the torches to be lighted, and prepared to go himself. The grand vicar, astonished, asked if he had not better order the curate to go, and do what was in fact his duty. "No," said the Bishop, "not for this once; a Bishop, a christian overseer at the head of his flock, like Cæsar at the head of his legions, should, if he mean to succeed, oftener say *venite* (come) than *ite* (go).

The Bishop possesses a very happy way of explaining himself in a few words.

A person who had long practised many auste-

rities, without finding any comfort or change of heart, was once complaining to the bishop, "Alas!" said he, "self-will and self-righteousness follow me every where; only tell me when you think I shall learn to leave self. Will it be in discipline, in study, in prayer, or in good works?" "I think," replied the prelate, "that the place where you will lose self will be that where you find your Savior." Another person pleading in behalf of uniting worldly acquaintance with religious profession, said, "Believers are called to be the salt of the earth." "Yes," said M. d'Alêt, "and yet if salt be cast into the ocean from which it was originally drawn, it will melt away and vanish entirely."

A person once excusing his non-attendance at public worship, by pleading the disagreeable appearance and manner of the minister, "Let us look more at our Savior, and less at the instruments, said M. d'Alêt: Elijah was as well nourished, when the bread from heaven was brought by a raven, as Ishmael, when the spring of water was revealed to him by an angel. Whether then we are fed immediately from God, as the Israelites, with manna in the wilderness, or by the glorious instrumentality of those who may seem to us as angels, or by the base one of those who seem to us contemptible, let us be content and thankful, if they are but appointed of God, and if it be the bread and water of life they bring.

M. d'Alêt's own manners are uncommonly sweet and prepossessing, and he strongly recom-

mends Christian politeness to others; as a constant exercise of love, patience, humility, and self-denial. I believe he looks as constantly to Christ in little things, as in great. Nevertheless, nobody bears with greater kindness the entire want of these things in others; or is more united in heart to them where they are so with Christ. "My dear friends," says he to his flock, "never forget it is your glorious privilege to be a chosen generation; an holy nation; a peculiar people; and a royal priesthood. Let us then resemble the high-priest, who when he was anointed with that sacred unction; let the oil run down to the very hems and fringes of his garment, that even the smallest parts might shed the fragrant perfume of the sanctuary. Nevertheless, do not cultivate a fastidious delicacy towards others, in making requisitions you find it so hard to comply with yourselves. Be content, if, by a living faith, they cleave in sincerity to Christ our Savior; even if their manners are sometimes rough and unpolished. Remember though their hands be those of Esau; you will find their voices and their hearts are still belonging to Jacob.

I think I have never been so fully convinced, as since my visit here, that Christ does, indeed, enable his disciples to become the salt of the earth, and to season whatsoever they come near.

All M. d'Alet's household appear to partake in different degrees of the same spirit. The ecclesiastics who reside with him, are all men of genuine

piety. Some of them possess deep learning. These chiefly assist the bishop, in drawing up instructions for his diocese. Others are men of equal excellence, but whose talents rather fit them for the executive part of the business.

Even the very servants breathe the same spirit. They might all be taken by their appearance, to be members of some religious community. Their recollection, silence, humility, obedience, and exactness, is truly edifying. The porter is esteemed a real saint. I have often conversed with him with much profit. It is astonishing how much a fervent faith, not only inspires good affections in the heart, but likewise enlightens and strengthens the natural judgment. It seems impossible to receive the centre of all truths, without in some measure, participating in the rays which emanate therefrom. All the servants perform their business, with wonderful attention.

It is striking, to see the contrast between the hair-cloth and penitential shirt some of them wear, and the spirit of prayer and praise in which they live.

Such is the house of the Bishop of Alêt. Such is that excellent man, whom the great of this world have treated as the very offscouring of the earth, and that because he refused to sign an iniquitous formulary of persecution. A formulary which denounces banishment, imprisonment, and death, against the true servants of our Lord Jesus Christ. A formulary, which whilst it has been the means

of bestowing the crown of martyrdom on some, has been a stumbling-block to thousands.

M. Alêt, M. de Pamiers d'Angers and de Beauvais and your honored house, at Port Royal, alike suffer in one common cause, the pretended imputation of jansenism.

Well may you rejoice at being favored to suffer in the Lord's cause, and that, in company with the most excellent of the earth. For of such assuredly are these great men.

The Bishop of Bellay paid a visit to M. d'Alêt some years ago. I felt great curiosity to hear of a man, so long esteemed the luminary of France for erudition, and her example for piety. Above all, I longed to know something of a man, who for so many years, was the intimate friend of St. Francis de Sales. This excellent prelate was never received into favor, since his disgrace by Cardinal Richelieu, above twenty-seven years ago, for refusing to conceal the disorderly conduct of the religious orders. This ambitious and unprincipled minister, felt it an object to retain his influence over them. Threats and promises were lavished in vain, to induce the bishop to withdraw his accusations. M. de Bellay steadily refused. "Sir," said Richelieu, "had you not refused me this, I could have canonized you." "Would to God, you had," replied the pious, but acute prelate; "we should then each be possessing our supreme desire! You would be encircling your brows with the papal tiara on earth; and I should be casting a

Though armed men guard your walls, and keep you in on every side, yet the Lord is with you, and God, even your God, dwells within in the temple of your hearts. Cut off from the world, who hates us, let us rejoice, that we can more constantly commune with that Savior, who loves us, and gave himself for us. Interdicted the sacrament by an arbitrary decree: rejoice, that whilst deprived of the external sign, the invisible grace is still your's; and you may still feed by faith in your hearts, on the true bread from heaven, and on the true wine of the kingdom. If no outward ministry be allowed you; if your oppressors abolish every outward ceremony in which ye seek Christ in* the desert, or in the secret chamber, still I trust you will know by experience, that the kingdom of God is within you; even righteousness, and peace, and joy, in the Holy Ghost. Be not discouraged that your chapel is levelled with the ground, your gardens torn up, and that serpents infest your retreats. God is a spirit, and his true worship is in spirit and in truth. If your ministers be dispersed over the face of the earth, and the anthem of praise be heard at Port Royal no more, submit it all to Christ our Savior. To the priests of Baal and not of Christ are repetitions of words *indispensably* necessary. Christ dwells in the heart of true believers, in silent faith, speaking only by active love.

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* The desert of Port Royal.

Whilst the pastors who have been accustomed to distribute to you the bread of life are far off, remember that legions of the angels who minister to those who are heirs of salvation, wait unseen upon you. But above all, Jesus, the great angel of the covenant, is ever with you. Ever does his precious blood plead in your behalf, at the throne of God; and ever is his blessed Spirit with you, to guide you into all truth. Especially, will it guide us into that fundamental one; a deep sense of our own utter vileness, emptiness, and nothingness. Then only can we know his *all-sufficient* fulness. No doubt the day is hastening, which shall make these polar truths fully manifest. Whilst we pray for our unhappy persecutors, may our *own* theme of rejoicing ever be: not that we have already attained, but that we live in the day of atonement. That the Lord has in infinite mercy revealed himself to us as the Lord, long-suffering, and gracious, full of mercy and loving-kindness, and whose mercy endureth for ever.

On this free grace, on this boundless mercy, on this precious blood, as the only plea, or hope of sin-polluted souls, I cast myself, you, and all our friends in Christ. Nay, I would that the whole world, and even our enemies, should draw near and partake with us.

And now, my dear and honored mother and sisters, farewell! If the heat of persecution should still continue, and if (according to the flesh) we should see each other's face no more. Still am I

In 1620 M. Du Verger was appointed to the abbacy of the monastery of St. Cyran (or Seriganus). This benefice was resigned to him by Henry de la Rochepozay, Bishop of Poitiers, under whom he officiated as Grand Vicar, and who was also his zealous patron.

The Abbé de St. Cyran had formed one early and intimate friendship. Cornelius Jansenius was only four years younger than himself. Both had been educated at Louvain. The similarity of their pursuits, and a coincidence of circumstances, cemented an union which their mutual piety had at first formed.

The health of Jansenius had suffered by intense application. He was advised on leaving college to try the air of France. The house of M. de St. Cyran at Bayonne was soon opened to him. Both parties embraced with pleasure so favorable an opportunity of continuing their intimacy. Although their education was completed, the ardour of each for improvement was unabated. They applied themselves to the study of the fathers. Their assiduity was unremitting, their researches were extensive. The industry which distinguished their theological studies was alone exceeded by their perseverance and fervor in prayer. The foundation of their subsequent greatness was laid in a deep sense of their own insufficiency, accompanied by a firm reliance on divine goodness and power.

The profound erudition for which they were afterwards so celebrated, they never pursued as

an ultimate object. It was a means to something better, not an end. To renew the heart by a thorough conversion from all creatures to the Creator; to enlighten the spiritual understanding by the study, not of human opinions, but of revealed truth; these were the two grand objects of M. de St. Cryan and of his friend. These were their motives in studying the works of men whose reputation for sanctity the church has so long acknowledged. These ends too they thought mutually assisted each other. All that knowledge of religious truth which is really spiritually discerned, must kindle divine love in the heart; and whenever divine love is kindled in the heart, the spiritual understanding will be opened to the perception of divine truth. The word of God never separates genuine spiritual light from genuine spiritual heat. Hence perhaps, it was that they adopted their favorite motto, "*Unde ardet undet lucet.*" They only wished to be shining lights, from the heat by which they were burning lights.

Perhaps it was the conformity of their minds, as well as a similar degree of growth in grace, which led them to view the writings of the fathers in the same light. However this may be, at that period it was they mutually adopted that system afterwards so celebrated under the name of Jansenism. With which of them it originated would be difficult to decide. By the world it was ascribed to Jansenius, because it was first made public by his commentary on St. Austin.

By M. de St. Cyran and his friend, this system was not considered as their own, but as the fundamental doctrine of the Christian church. They imagined themselves amongst the small number who faithfully adhered to St. Augustin, in the midst of a corrupt and degenerate age.

The object of this little work is not controversial. Even were it so, it would not be possible to give an accurate delineation of this celebrated system in the short compass of a note. Will the following compendious definition be accepted? It is cursory and far from accurate. Yet it will probably present a sufficiently clear view of the subject to a merely general reader. Jansenism may then be said to be in doctrine the calvinism, and in practice the methodism of the Romish church.

Both the Genevese reformer and the Bishop of Ypres derived their sentiments from the same source. Both ascribed their system to St. Austin; though each adopted it under different modifications. Again, both the disciples of Jansenius, and the most strict orders amongst modern dissenters, are distinguished for the disuse of personal ornaments. Both have been remarked for being in prayer, in watchings, and in fastings oft. In many respects indeed the comparison does not apply.

After six years of close study, M. de St. Cyran and Jansenius separated. The latter returned to Louvain; the former established himself at Paris. After an interval of some years, Jansenius was

elected to the see of Ypres, of which he was seventh Bishop.

M. de St. Cyran mean while gained an extensive reputation at Paris. His simple mortified air, and his humble garb, formed a striking contrast with the awful sanctity of his countenance, the holiness of his demeanor, and his native lofty dignity of manner. The Parisians were struck with astonishment. M. de St. Cyran was especially eminent for that force of character, by which men of strong minds, silently but certainly govern those of weak ones. His appearance no sooner arrested the eye, than his character began to gain a powerful but irresistible ascendency over the mind and heart. Every one felt the strength of his influence, and the conscience of each bore witness that it came from God. Holy, wise, and strictly sincere, none could know him and not feel the value of such an adviser. Gentle, courteous, and discreet, few could be with him without wishing to repose their confidence in so valuable a friend. On the other hand, a perfect calmness and self-possession, a coolness, equally the result of native strength of character, and of an heart elevated above sublunary things, a certain elevation in his manners, equally the result of temperament and of education, inspired even his nearest friends with a reverential deference. His firm and penetrating eye, and his majestic countenance are adverted to by most of his biographers. Lancelot mentions this expression as peculiarly striking, even after his death. "The corpse," said he,

" was so full of gravity, and solemn majesty, that even his enemies must have been seized with awe on beholding it." M. de St. Cyran's deep self-knowledge gave him equal penetration in discovering, and patience in bearing the infirmities of others. He united the rare talents of being a most discerning, and yet a most wise and faithful director. He was resorted to on every hand as a spiritual guide.

Nor was M. de St. Cyran esteemed alone by the religious. The polite and learned equally valued his society and attainments. Cardinal Richelieu, whilst Bishop of Luçon, had known him at Poitiers. At that early period he had justly appreciated M. de St. Cyran's merits. He now introduced him at court as the most deeply learned man in Europe. His celebrity daily increased. Eight bishoprics were successively offered him. It was not however preferment which M. de St. Cyran sought.

He industriously shrunk, on the contrary, from popular observation. The more fortune courted him, the more assiduously did he seek the shelter of obscurity.

Their early acquaintance had given him a thorough knowledge of the character of the minister. He received all Cardinal Richelieu's civilities with respect, but with firmness withstood his advances. He at the same time renounced all unnecessary visits.

M. de St. Cyran retired to a remote lodging op-

posite the convent of the Carthusians, where all his time was occupied in prayer, study, acts of charity and spiritual direction. He was never to be met with at the tables of the great, nor was he visible in the streets but on errands of piety or of mercy.

Though no more to be seen in society, the influence of M. de Cyran began to be sensibly felt. Effects originating in him were soon perceptible in every circle. The number of those under his direction had increased continually. The fruits of his instruction began to appear. His disciples were soon sufficiently considerable to fix the attention of the public. They were of that variety of description, that caused their influence to be felt in circles of every denomination.

In the midst of a capital distinguished for profligacy, a multitude out of every class were suddenly seen to withdraw from the dissipations of the world, whilst they became doubly assiduous in every duty. Persons, pampered in luxury and self-indulgence, all at once became self-denying, abstemious, and temperate. Others, characterized by the lawless vices attendant on protracted civil wars, were in the course of a few months distinguished for regularity, charity, humility, and gentleness. All of them became remarkable for unfeigned devotion, prayer, alms-deeds, and all the good fruits produced by a firm faith, working by zealous love. Persons were astonished at seeing even the manners and expression of counte-

nance of their nearest relations wholly changed. Nor did this metamorphosis take place in a few instances only. Many in every rank and every order of society seemed inspired by a new influence.

Religious houses, dignitaries in the church, private individuals, men of the first eminence in the faculty, the law, and the army, ministers of state, peers of the realm, princes of the blood royal; each could produce several out of their number who began truly to fear and love GOD. Their savor began to be diffused all around.

About this time, M. de St. Cyran became acquainted with the celebrated monastery of Port Royal. M. Zamet, Bishop of Langres, had been nduced by Louisa, first wife of the Duke of Longueville, to establish a religious house in honor of the blessed Eucharist. The abbesse of Port Royal, Maria Angelique Arnauld, was a lady greatly distinguished for the depth of her piety, and for her uncommon strength of mind. She had also acquired a great portion of celebrity, by the astonishing reform she had recently established at Port Royal; and was then occupied in effecting, throughout a variety of religious houses of the same order. M. Zamet was persuaded he could not make choice of any person so well qualified to establish his new institution. The house was scarcely founded, when it was involved in numerous and unexpected difficulties, from the enmity which the Bishop of Sens entertained towards M. Zamet. M. de St. Cyran was unacquainted with either party. A small tract,

said to be written by one of the new society, had been much handed about in Paris. It was entitled "*Chapelet secret du Saint Sacrement*," and consisted chiefly of prayers, or spontaneous effusions of heart, on the blessed sacrament. It was characterized by much fervent piety on the one hand, whilst on the other, many passages were expressed with an enthusiasm, and an unguarded latitude, which rendered them susceptible of a malicious construction. This little work was in reality a private meditation, surreptitiously obtained from its author. M. de Sens most vehemently declared himself against it, and endeavoured, in a little pamphlet which he published, to hold it up to the ridicule of the public. M. de St. Cyran had indeed perceived the unguarded expressions in the Chapelet secret, but he also appreciated the deep piety which breathed through the whole. Seeing that piety itself was attacked, he wrote a very able defence, which completely decided the public mind in favour of the work so much patronised by M. de Langres. The Bishop was much pleased with the work. He introduced himself to its author, and the acquaintance, thus casually begun, soon improved into a high veneration and esteem. M. Zamet was soon after appointed to a post out of Paris. He requested M. de St. Cyran to direct the new institution in his absence. Other difficulties however arose, and a short time after M. de Zamet's *Institut du St. Sacrement* was dropped. The nuns returned to Port Royal. They did not fail to speak

of M. de St. Cyran's extraordinary merit. During his residence at Paris also, he had formed an intimacy with M. Arnauld D'Andilli, eldest brother to the abbess of Port Royal. He introduced M. de St. Cyran personally to his sister, the Rev. Mother Mary Angelica.

Such was the origin of M. de St. Cyran's acquaintance with Port Royal; he was soon after instituted director of that monastery, since so distinguished for talent, learning, and piety, and so persecuted, as the head quarters of the reputed Jansenists.

At this period, however, the recent reform at Port Royal was the theme of general admiration. Both M. de St. Cyran and his followers appeared at this season to grow in favour equally with God and man.

The calm was not of long duration. About this period was announced the intention of Jansenius to publish a translation of St. Austin, with an ample commentary. This celebrated work occupied its venerable author twenty years. On the very day of its completion he was seized with the plague, and expired.

The Jesuits had long entertained a secret enmity against the bishop of Ypres. Many years before a contest had taken place between the Jesuits and the university of Louvain. Jansenius was, from his office in the university, deputed to plead in its behalf. Jansenius proved successful. It is said the Jesuits never forgave him. In their enmity to

Jansenius, they soon included M. de St. Cyran, his early friend.

The dislike of the Jesuits was fomented also by the opposition of their theological sentiments. The Jesuits did not agree with the disciples of St. Austin, in holding the doctrines of grace. So far, no doubt, but many wise and good men might have united with them in opinion, though at the same time they would have shrunk from taking part in the persecutions by which it was afterwards maintained. Of this number it is well known was Fenelon. In another point likewise the Jesuits differed from the friends of Jansenius. M. de St. Cyran was charged with having inculcated, that a mere abstinence from outward sin, from the dread of divine vengeance, was by no means a proof of genuine conversion. A deep sorrow for sin, arising from a genuine love of GOD, and an heartfelt grief for having offended him, were, he insisted, indispensably necessary to a truly evangelical repentance.

This the Jesuits observed was a heresy of the first magnitude. The writings of several of their doctors had demonstrated the love of GOD to be superfluous. Cardinal Richelieu, when bishop of Luçon, had written a catechism for the use of his diocese. This catechism maintained the same doctrine. Father Seguenot too, of the oratoire had recently been imprisoned in the Bastille, for asserting the love of God to be indispensably essential. Nor was this the only heresy alleged against M. de Cyran. He was accused of having asserted that

the priest cannot in fact absolve from sin. He was said to have declared, that absolution and remission of sins belong to God alone. He indeed allowed that a competent discernment of spirits, was a grace conferred by the sacrament of ordination. He believed, therefore, that where the priest was truly faithful to the grace imparted, he might (where an evangelical repentance and faith were evidenced by corresponding fruits) pronounce an absolution truly declaratory of the will of God. Otherwise and of itself, he believed it could not avail an impenitent sinner, to procure absolution from an unconscientious priest. This heresy was esteemed of equal magnitude with the preceding.

The enmity which the Jesuits exhibited against M. de St. Cyran, was by no means attributed wholly to theological doctrines. Many ascribed a great part, if not the whole of their apparent religious zeal, to literary jealousy, and to personal pique.

The religious writers amongst the Jesuits had long been esteemed as bearing a decided pre-eminence. Several works had, however, lately appeared which divided the public opinion. Although anonymous, they were soon traced to Port Royal. Others succeeded, equally distinguished for profound erudition, fervent piety, and attic elegance of style. A great sensation was produced on the mind of the public. *Ils sont marqués au coin de Port Royal* became the fashionable phrase of literary or religious commendation. Nor was their eulogy confined to empty popular applause. It was soon

observed, that the diffusion of these publications was attended with corresponding fruits. Men began every where to turn to God. Many of the most blasphemous, rapacious, and voluptuous, became holy, just, and temperate. Several, whose lives had caused a public scandal, became eminent examples of devoted piety. It was remarked, that whilst the works of the Jesuits were clothed with wisdom, those of the Port Royalists seemed accompanied by divine power. The perusal of the former furnished matter for conversation; that of the latter terminated frequently in deep compunction and solid conversion.

The Port Royalists arose indeed at a time unfortunate for the Jesuits.

The excellent authors their society had produced were gone. They had not been succeeded by others of equal piety and wisdom. Their places were indeed filled up by men of learning. But that learning was unfortunately exercised at this time, chiefly in the subtilties of casuistic divinity. The main object of this society was to extend the power of the Romish see. It was founded by Ignatius de Loyola, just at the very time when Luther began his Reform*. Whilst one of these

* It is singular, that in the same year that Luther maintained his apostacy in the diet of Worms, and retiring himself into his monastery of Alstat, wrote a book against monastic vows, Ignatius consecrated himself to God in the church of Mountserrat, and in his retreat of Manreze, wrote the spiritual exercises which after-

great men, beholding the deep corruptions of the church, endeavored to shake the papal domination to its very foundation; the other, who had in the same church, first tasted the goodness of God, was laying the foundations of a society whose chief object was to strengthen its power and extend its influence. The company founded by Ignatius had, in the space of a century, sensibly degenerated in piety. Their object was still the same; but the means they took to accomplish it were not so pure. Their learning and their talents had obtained for them a high rank in public esteem, which the regularity of their lives enabled them to preserve. Their numerous seminaries for the education of youth; and their filling up the posts of confessors, to all the great families, gave them a very powerful influence. This influence it was their grand aim to preserve and extend. To this end, it became necessary to frame a system of morality, which should, in fact, be so lax, as to give no offence to the multitude, who were resolved to continue in sin; whilst on the other hand, it skilfully maintained those appearances of sanctity, which would

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wards served to model his order. At the time Calvin began to gather disciples in Paris, Ignatius, who also was there to study, began to assemble his company; and lastly, at the very same time when Henry the Eighth assumed the title of head of the church, and commanded all his subjects, under pain of death, to raze the Pope's name from their papers and books, Ignatius de Loyola laid the foundation of a new society, in a peculiar manner devoted to the service of the holy see.—Vide Bouhour's Life of Ignatius.

save their reputation with the truly pious. Such was the origin of that famous system of casuistic divinity, which was afterwards so fully exposed, and so ably refuted in Pascal's inimitable Lettres Provinciales*. Almost all the best writers amongst the Jesuits, were at this time engaged in defending the subtilties of casuistic divinity. It was perceived that their works were rather distinguished for elaborate sophistry, than for solid and valuable truths. Nay, in some of them, it was but too obvious, that the main object of the writer was to sanction immorality, and to disarm even natural conscience of its sting. The disciples of St. Augustin exposed these fallacies. The society of Jesuits had been sufficiently distinguished for men both of exalted piety and profound learning. It is then to be regretted, that the whole body thought themselves involved by the just censure of a few unworthy individuals.

Another cause likewise is mentioned as having greatly contributed to incense the Jesuits against the reputed Jansenists.

There were many persons of rank and fortune amongst M. de St. Cyran's friends. Several of them had numerous families. They consulted with M. de St. Cyran respecting their education. They

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* The reader is referred to the edition of Lettres Provinciales, with Wendrock's notes, especially Lettre 5, sur la Probabilité; Lettre 6, Artifices pour eluder les Conciles; Lettre 7, sur la Methode de diriger l'intention; Lettres sur l'homicide 13 et 14.

wished to unite a liberal and extensive plan of instruction, with an enlightened piety, and well-grounded Christian education. They were desirous to combine that public education, which would capacitate them for an enlarged sphere of patriotic usefulness; with those guarded and strict habits, which might preserve an uncontaminated innocence of mind.

A number of little schools were immediately instituted under M. de St. Cyran's inspection. A vast and luminous system of instruction was digested. Men of the first piety and learning were invited to accept the office of instructors. Nicole, Lancelot, and Fontaine, taught in these seminaries. The great Arnauld and Saci employed their pens in their service. These schools were under the direction of Port Royal. The Port Royal Greek and Latin grammars, the Greek primitives, and the elements of logic and geometry soon made their appearance. In a short time they were not only to be found in every school in France, but they were diffused throughout all Europe.

The reputation of these schools very soon engrossed the public esteem. The seminaries of the Jesuits had long enjoyed a deserved celebrity. On them hitherto had almost exclusively devolved the education of the higher classes. They now felt considerable mortification at seeing themselves rivalled, if not far excelled, by the recent establishments of Port Royal.

With so many grounds of dislike, it is scarcely

to be wondered at, that the Jesuits felt piqued; and that they were little disposed to think well of their rivals. Even a truly pious individual would find a large portion of grace necessary to preserve Christian love, under such circumstances. A body of men may profess orthodox principles, but it can never be expected that the majority should be actuated by unmixed evangelical tempers. A few deeply religious individuals may be found in perhaps all professing societies; but even as it respects them, the temptation will be found strong, where party spirit solicits, under the disguise of unfeigned love of our own brethren. Hence even the best men may be expected to act more consistently when they act singly, than collectively.

The Jesuits exerted every effort first to get the work of Jansenius suppressed, and afterwards to quash the little company of his disciples. The friends of M. de St. Cyran had with his virtues, imbibed his peculiar opinions. Whilst they steadily maintained the grand doctrines of the Gospel, they were also strenuous advocates for the system of grace. They published in defence of the work of Jansenius. The Jesuits as vehemently renewed the attack. At length they appealed to Rome, hoping finally to crush a system, which has always had some of the most pious persons on its side; and which, in this instance, had the most learned and the most spiritual body of men then extant, amongst its professors.

Such was the beginning of an unfortunate contest,

which in its progress levelled Port Royal with the ground. Nor did those who aimed the blow, themselves escape its recoil. Port Royal indeed was annihilated; but the tide of public opinion was turned against its cruel and relentless oppressors. They had calumniated the reputed Jansenists. But those calumnies had provoked the "*Lettres Provinciales*," which rendered them at once the object of ridicule and contempt to Europe. They had successfully wielded the arm of secular and ecclesiastical authority to the destruction of the Port Royalists. But they were recompensed with that abhorrence and execration, which attends those who are supposed to have used the mask of sanctity, for the gratification of private interest and personal malice. It is more than probable that during this period, were sown those seeds which afterwards matured in the suppression of the order of Jesuits. So terminated a quarrel, which perhaps originated in an innocent difference of sentiment, on an abstruse point, which has divided the opinions of mankind in every age. A point, however, which, whilst in all ages it has divided men of the first talents in opinion, has not in any separated the most truly pious in mutual esteem and christian love.

This controversy soon engaged the attention of all France. Nor was an active part in it long confined to the ecclesiastics only.

It was before observed that Cardinal Richelieu had formerly, when Bishop of Luçon, had some

acquaintance with M. de St. Cyran. He respected his piety, for he had then no projects with which it could interfere. He admired his talents, for they were not called forth in competition with his own. He well knew the high estimation in which M. de St. Cyran was held in the church. He wished therefore to gain him over as a powerful engine of ecclesiastical influence. With this view, the minister sought his early friend. He courted his intimacy, and offered him benefices. M. de Cyran was aware of his views. He treated the Cardinal with that respect his situation demanded; but he declined his overtures. The Cardinal's esteem was converted into dislike. It was increased on the publication of the catechism of Luçon. M. de Richelieu piqued himself on being yet more eminent as a theologian than as a politician. He considered it presumptuous in M. de St. Cyran to teach the necessity of the disinterested love of God, after he had published that it was superfluous. It was not long before M. de St. Cyran experienced the effects of his resentment.

The Cardinal was exceedingly anxious to annul the marriage of his enemy Gaston Duke of Orleans, with his second wife Margaret, Princesse of Lorraine. He had long had this project at heart. It was necessary to strengthen his influence by some powerful sanction, in order to overcome the scruples which conscience suggested to Louis XIII. He applied to the court of Rome. Both the apostolic see and the foreign universities declared, to

his great disappointment, the marriage to be valid. Highly incensed but unabashed, the Cardinal remained firm to his purpose. Far from yielding the point, the undaunted minister called a general assembly of the most celebrated amongst the regular and secular clergy in France. He proposed the question. They had not courage to brave the weight of his displeasure. An unwilling assent was extorted, and the marriage was declared null by parliamentary edict, (arrêt de parlement).

The vindictive temper of the minister was well known. Many of the French clergy, intimidated by his despotic power, gratuitously vindicated this iniquitous decree.

M. de St. Cyran maintained an unbroken silence. Cardinal Richelieu was very anxious to obtain the assent of so distinguished a character. He wished the sanction of a man who was well known to possess so extensive an influence. The strict morality of M. de St. Cyran would not bend to the will of the minister. On the other hand, his prudence prevented him from uttering a rash censure, which he knew would not only be fruitless, but would serve as a pretext for his own ruin.

The Cardinal mean while was resolved either to extort M. de St. Cyran's assent, or to involve him in destruction. Magnificent offers were made on the part of the minister to obtain his sanction, whilst secret emissaries were at the same time employed in proposing artful questions to him. They hoped under the pretence of religious scruples,

to surprise him into a censure which would effect his ruin. Both these methods were alike ineffectual. M. de St. Cyran's silence was inviolable.

The Cardinal's enmity was thus bereft of every ostensible plea, when most opportunely for him, the contest on Jansenism arose. The pretext he had so long assiduously sought was now spontaneously presented. The Cardinal espoused the cause of the Jesuits. No less than fifteen new accusations appeared against M. de St. Cyran.

The Cardinal declared himself ready to exercise his authority in behalf of the church. M. de St. Cyran's friends were for a time expelled from Port Royal. He was himself seized as a heretic, and immured in the dungeon of Vincennes.

His house was beset on the evening of ascension-day, by two and twenty armed guards. They kept watch all night, with the hopes that some circumstance might transpire, to which a malignant interpretation might be affixed. For the Cardinal felt very anxious to fabricate a cause which might justify the detention of a man so highly respected. In this however he was foiled. A perfect stillness reigned within the house, which was the habitation of peace and prayer. They therefore entered the house and went to the room of M. de St. Cyran. He was sitting in his study meditating over a passage of St. Augustin, whose works lay open before him. The Captain told him he had orders that he should immediately follow him. "Sir," replied M. de St. Cyran, "calmly, it is equally my duty and

my pleasure to obey the King." So saying, he stepped into the carriage, which was immediately surrounded by a company of archers. They took the road to Vincennes. As they were crossing the forest in which the fortress was situated, they met M. D'Andilly, who was going to his country seat at Pomponne. The guards who attended M. de St. Cyran had received orders to turn back the facings of their regimentals, so as to excite no suspicion. M. d'Andilly, astonished to see his friend so numerously attended, rode up to the side of the carriage, and cheerfully said, "Where can you be travelling with such an escort of servants?" M. de St. Cyran replied with a smile, "You should rather ask them where I am travelling to. They lead me, not I them. However, my dear friend," pursued he, seriously, "I consider myself, and trust all my dear friends will consider me as the prisoner rather of God than of men." M. d'Andilly happened to have in his hand the confessions of St. Austin. He gave it his friend, saying, "You first taught me the worth of this book; I am glad I can restore it to you at a time when it can be of as much value to you, as the gift of it was to me." They then embraced as friends who expect to see each other's face no more, till the morn of the resurrection of the just. M. de St. Cyran pursued his journey. His imprisonment took place on the 14th of May, 1638. In this instance Cardinal Richelieu eminently justified the character hegave of himself. Speaking to the

Marquis de la Vieuville, he once said, " *Je n'ose rien entreprendre sans y avoir bien pensé mais quand une fois j'ai pris ma resolution, je vais a mon but, je renverse tout, je fauche tout et ensuite je couvre tout de ma soutane rouge.*"

M. de St. Cyran suffered much at Vincennes. His books, papers, pens, and ink, were for a considerable time withheld from him. He was not only deprived of seeing his friends, but by the avarice of his jailer, was frequently destitute of an adequate supply of food. The dungeon in which he was immured was damp, and exposed to all the inclemency of the seasons. Nor had he to contend alone with outward sufferings. He had not only to encounter foes without, but likewise fightings within. Whilst worldly men only suffer from the deprivation of worldly comforts; the true servant of God is chiefly cast down by a fear lest he should in any degree betray his master's cause, by not walking worthy of his vocation.

The first thing M. de St. Cyran did on entering his dungeon, was to throw himelf on his knees, and to beseech his Lord to give him the grace to profit by it. He implored him to accept both his soul and body as a living sacrifice, wholly devoted to his service; and he entreated him so to direct his heart, that he might from his inmost soul have no other will than his.

Nevertheless, the Lord saw fit at first to try this highly-favored servant, by withdrawing from him all sensible perception of spiritual comfort. He

might truly be said to accompany his divine master in the garden. His soul was troubled and sore amazed. All joyful sense of the divine presence left him: grievous temptations assailed him on all sides, and the subtle enemy of his soul, the accuser of the brethren, was permitted continually to harass his heart by accusations, best suited to the tenderness of his conscience.

God knows the souls that are his. And when he sees fit to try them, he can suit those trials to probe the very inmost heart, and to try the very ground of the soul, in a manner which no other can. All that men can inflict upon us is merely external, and is therefore comparatively light. But when the Father of Spirits searches the heart, as with candles, when the messenger of the covenant comes as a refiner's fire, who shall stand the day of his appearing, or who shall not shrink under that word which is as a two-edged sword. Then indeed it is felt to be a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart, and to divide between the joints and marrow, anatomizing the very soul and spirit.

During the first fortnight of his imprisonment the Lord permitted his faithful servant to be deeply exercised, that the trial of his faith, more precious than that of gold, though it was tried with fire, might be found to the praise, and honor, and glory of God, at the appearing of Jesus Christ. A deep sense of his own utter unworthiness humbled him to the dust; and the awful judgments of God seemed

impending over him. He was indeed traversing the valley of the shadow of death. Even the scriptures failed to give him comfort. Every passage which was presented to his mind seemed not applied by the Spirit of God, but wrested by the powers of darkness to his farther perplexity. All the curses of God appeared levelled against him; nor was he enabled to rely with joyous faith on any promise. It appeared that he who was to lead so many souls to God, was appointed to undergo the same trials as Peter, the rock on whom the Jewish and Gentile churches were built; and Satan was permitted to sift both these eminent servants of the Lord as wheat. It was indeed the hour of the powers of darkness.

Still, however, though deeply tried, his faith failed not. He could appeal to the Lord that he had kept his integrity: he could say, Thou knowest, Lord, the way that I would take, and after I am tried I shall come forth like gold. He endeavored to follow the exhortation of the prophet, who commands those who obey the voice of the Lord, and walk in darkness and have no light, to trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon their God. He therefore steadily walked in his precepts, waiting for his re-appearance. This state of desolation did not continue long. His faith having been tried, the Lord again appeared from heaven, and his Spirit again returned into his heart as the comforter. He had been spending some time in prayer, when these words, from the 119th psalm were powerfully applied to his heart,

"Princes have persecuted me without a cause, but my heart stood in awe of thy word only." The whole of the 9th psalm too was immediately after presented to him with a degree of light and unction which he had never before experienced. He was instantly enabled to feel joy and peace in believing, to suffer long, seeking not his own, and not being provoked, to bear all things, to hope all things, and to endure all things. And trying the spirit by its fruits, he knew it to be of God. From that hour M. de St. Cyran experienced uninterrupted peace. The joy in his Lord was his strength, and during the whole of his imprisonment he was uniformly enabled to rejoice evermore, to pray without ceasing, and in every thing to give thanks.

As soon as his books were restored, he resumed his studies. His hours were divided between prayer, study, and acts of charity. Some of his most valuable works were composed whilst in the fortress of Vincennes. To his charity also many amongst his guards and fellow-prisoners were indebted, not only for a supply of temporal necessities, but under God for the salvation of their souls. The governor of the fortress himself became soon a converted character. Those committed to his charge soon felt the good fruits of his piety.

M. de St. Cyran's charity was fervent and genuine. It not only consulted the necessities, but the feelings of others. It was the custom at Vincennes that all the prisoners should attend mass once a day. He observed that several of them,

amongst whom were two or three persons of distinction, were very thinly clad. M. de St. Cyran immediately packed up some of his books, and sent them with a letter to a lady of his acquaintance in Paris, requesting her to sell the books, and with the money to buy a supply of clothing for the prisoners; "I will also thank you, madam," continued he, "to buy some clothes for the Baron and Baroness de Beausoleil. Pray let the cloth be fine and good, such as suits their rank. I do not know what is proper, but I think I have somewhere heard that gentlemen and ladies of their condition cannot appear without gold lace for the men, and black lace for the women. If so, pray get the best, and, in short, let all be done modestly, but yet sufficiently handsomely, that in looking at each other they may for a few minutes, at least, forget that they are captives." To this letter the lady returned a remonstrance, observing that this money œconomized might be better employed, and more suitably to his ecclesiastical character. To this he answered, "I do not believe that the Lord who commands me to give to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, will account me a bad steward for giving modestly to each according to that rank in which *he* placed them. The deepest rivers cause the least noise; and the most enlightened piety is generally the least singular. The Christian rule is to do as we would be done by; and if you ask me how we should act towards ourselves in expenses which custom alone has rendered necessary, I shall an-

swer, *Never give to your rank what it only allows; and never refuse to it what it indispensably exacts.* The violator of the first rule is a bad steward, the violator of the second wants that christian humility which makes the true child of God submit for his sake, to the powers and ordinances that be. Now the rule which decides what we should allow ourselves, regulates also what we should give others; for we are to love our neighbour as ourselves; and, therefore, the degree in which we are to consult our own rank, is that also in which we are to regard his." The lady immediately bought the things. They were conveyed into the prisoners' apartments, who never suspected whence they came. They only observed that M. de St. Cyran himself was destitute of those comforts, and concluded that his having been alone forgotten, was a judgment upon him for his heresy.

The beneficial influence, however, of M. de St. Cyran was not bounded by the narrow limits of his prison walls. From the gloom of his dungeon a light arose, whose beams extended to the remotest parts of France.

Schools were constantly established on the plan he had traced. He could, indeed, no longer personally inspect them; yet, through the medium of correspondence, they were still carried on under his auspices.

A constant epistolary communication on religious subjects was also maintained between him and his friends. The unreserved devotion and en-

lightened piety that breathed in every line of his letters, added to their love and veneration. The profound learning which furnished his ideas; the luminous perspicuity with which they were arranged; and the animated eloquence with which they were expressed; filled them with admiration. Of his exhortations it might be truly said, in the language of Solomon, that they were as apples of gold, made visible through a network of silver.

M. de St. Cyran's letters were handed about amongst his disciples as sacred treasures. Every line of his writing they honored with the sanctity of a relic; whilst it also united with it the charm and zest of novelty. They viewed each with a tender reverence, considering it as perhaps the last gift of a friend who will be seen no more. Each letter at the same time possessed the advantage of being adapted to the exigency of the moment, and of being the advice of a friend, who, though not visible, was yet at hand. The number of M. de St. Cyran's disciples increased, whilst at Vincennes, with accelerated progression. Some of them were afterwards eminent as the champions of Jansenism. Of this number was the great Arnauld. Few, however, comparatively speaking, engaged in controversy. Most of them purposely avoided any conversation on the contested points.

All meanwhile were distinguished for righteousness of life, and sanctity of manners. Their devotion was eminent, their patience under persecution invincible. The charity of some amongst them so

profuse, as to heal whole provinces of the wounds and desolations of a bloody civil war. As a body, they eminently shone forth as bright and burning lights, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation.

Nor were these things doubtful, nor could their genuine fruits of piety be called in question by their very enemies. These good works were not wrought in a corner. His disciples were not confined to the seclusion of Port Royal. This monastery was, indeed, in constant correspondence with M. de St. Cyran. It was also through the medium of Port Royal, that his influence was chiefly diffused. Still, though beginning at that Abbey, it extended itself throughout all France.

Persons of the first rank, and filling the highest political situations, persons not only at the foot of the throne, but on the throne itself, gloried in following him, even as he followed Christ.

M. de St. Cyran endured five long years' imprisonment. At length, Cardinal Richelieu expired. On the 4th of December, 1642, this minister, from the plenitude of despotic power on earth, was cited to appear before his final judge in heaven. He died aged fifty-eight. The friends of M. de Hauranne observed, that the day on which he departed, was that of the festival of St. Cyran.

This event was soon succeeded by M. de St. Cyran's release. He never recovered his health. He had often deprived himself of both fire and clothing to relieve his fellow-prisoners. His con-

stitution was broken by the hardships he had undergone. He survived his enlargement only a few months.

M. de St. Cyran quitted Vincennes on Friday, the 6th of February 1643, during the week of the purification. This M. de St. Cyran often mentioned with pleasure. He was willing to consider it as a sign that he had been heard in the prayer which he continually offered up, that he might not be released from prison till this affliction had wrought its perfect work in the purification of his soul. His friend M. d'Andilli came in his carriage to take him from Vincennes. No captive had ever received such demonstrations of esteem. His guards and fellow-prisoners threw themselves at his feet, to implore his parting benediction; and they mingled tears of joy at his release, with those of sorrow for his departure. His guards especially mourned his loss, and all the garrison wishing to shew their respect, spontaneously arranged themselves in two rows to let him walk out, to the sound of fifes and drums, and discharges of musketry. It was afterwards found, that several of the prisoners, won by his piety, had taken notes of many of his actions and sayings, from which they had derived peculiar edification. On this occasion, M. Lancelot makes the following observations: "We often wished that M. de St. Cyran could have had a person continually with him to note down all his actions, and to portray all his holy discourses, his eminent virtues, and even the eloquence of his

silence, which has so often spoken to our hearts. God, however, no doubt for wise purposes, has not permitted it. Perhaps, indeed, it might not be a thing so easily done. The most eminent graces, like the deepest rivers, generally pursue a silent course. They possess, in degree, the peace and immutability of their divine author. It is immediately felt in its effects, though it cannot be described in its source. It is that powerful and constant effusion of the Spirit of God which transforms the heart of the new man, and continually abides therein. Which does not dazzle by brilliant and remarkable actions, so much as it imparts a living unction and a Godlike dignity to the most common ones. It produces throughout the whole soul, mind, and heart, a certain simplicity, profound peace, gentle love, and immutable calmness, that charms and elevates the heart of the observer, though he scarcely knows why. He is filled with awful reverence in contemplating the whole, whilst he is yet unable to discover any thing extraordinary in each part. As to its effects, the perfection of saints on earth is, perhaps, more perceptible in what they do not, than in what they actually do.

So far as it may be said of man in his fallen state, it consists in a perfect silence of all human passions, and in a total extinction of every movement of earthly pleasures and desires. The silence of the man of God differs from the tumult of the world, as the still expanse of the ocean differs, and yet exceeds, in sublimity, a roaring summer torrent, which

lays waste all in its way, and disappears for ever. It consists in that spotless holiness which is best comprehended when we contrast with it our own disorder and impurity. It is a participation on earth of the happiness of the blessed in heaven. It is the beginning of that ineffable union with God, which, though begun on earth, can only be consummated in heaven. Happy, indeed, are those to whom it has pleased the Lord to exhibit such models of virtue. "Yea, rather more blessed are those, that hearing, keep their sayings!"

A few months after his release, M. de St. Cyran was seized with apoplexy. He was at the same time reduced by the effects of a surgical operation. Owing to the unskilfulness of some of his attendants, his sufferings were extreme. Yet no unkind reflection escaped his lips. What the Lord has permitted, we must receive with the same submission, observed he; as what he has appointed, blessed be the name of the Lord. In the intervals, between the lethargy and high delirium, from which he alternately suffered, he spoke much to the edification and comfort of the few friends whom the sudden nature of his illness had permitted to be sent for. After a few hours' illness, he expired in perfect peace, in the arms of his assistant and friend M. Singlin. He died on the 11th of October, 1643. He was aged sixty-two.*

* One of his disciples thus portrays his character. It appears colored by the warmth of Christian love, and yet painted with the most exact Christian truth. It is inserted, notwithstand-

By his followers, M. de St. Cyran was reverenced as a saint. Numbers of persons crowded to see his corpse, and to preserve some of his relics.

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ing its length, on account of the useful instruction it conveys. "M. de St. Cyran was a saint indeed. It had pleased God to bestow upon him a rich assemblage of those qualities which are generally met with separately. Though called to the sacred function of the priesthood by men, he was yet sanctified for it by a large measure of the Holy Spirit of God, and he appeared truly fitted to the rank of those chosen servants, whom the Lord himself has called out to be as lights to the world. Of him it might eminently be said, that he offered no false fire upon the altar. His light, indeed, shone before men with a clear and steady brightness, illuminating and diffusing a vital heat in the church of God. But the flame was kindled from heaven, and its brilliancy arose from the fervor of his love, even more than from the superiority of his understanding. 'Unde ardet unde lucet.' He drew every sentiment and every principle from the inexhaustible and rich mine of Scripture. Nor did he merely hear much, and read much of Scripture, but, above all, he prayed much, and meditated much over it. Diligently comparing scripture with scripture, his mind became enlightened with divine truth; and meditating and praying over every part, his heart became kindled with divine love. He studied each passage till he clearly understood its sense; he dwelt upon each till he was thoroughly penetrated by its force. He thought that he but half knew what he only knew with his understanding; and he therefore studied as every christian ought to do, that is, both with the head and with the heart; letting light and heat increase with an equal progression, and mutually assist each other. Christianity is, in an eminent manner, the science of the heart; and he who does not receive it into his heart, studies it to very little purpose. And, whereas, in all other studies, informing the understanding is the principal; in christianity it only forms the subordinate part. Nor is the science of the head of any other

The peace of God, says Lancelot, was sensibly felt in the chamber of death, and the majesty of glorified immortality seemed to rest in awful solem-

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use, but as it enables men to distinguish the workings of their own imaginations, from the genuine operation of the Spirit of God. Hence he not only studied, but sought to nourish his soul with Scripture; knowing that it is said of Christ's words, that they are spirit, and they are the life; and that till they are experienced to be so, the soul remains dead in trespasses and sins. Nor did he rest in the letter of Scripture. He knew that the reason why they are to be searched, is, because they are they which testify of Christ; and he knew that the Spirit of God can alone take of the things of Christ, and shew them unto us; for no man can, in truth, call Christ Lord, but by the Holy Spirit. Hence, from reading *of* Christ, he went *to* Christ; and, from being *with* Christ, he went forth amongst men *for* Christ. He knew one thing was needful, even to know the only true God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. He therefore sought him in faith, and with his whole heart, and seeking, found him. He knew that it was by looking to him only, that the ends of the earth can be saved; he therefore looked at him continually, who was the author, and whom he knew must be the finisher, of his faith; and he considered him continually, who set us an example that we should tread in his steps. Thus he sought wisdom, and God gave it him. He sought it at first with prayers and tears, and renewed supplication, when he sought it to save his soul; and when he had found peace with God, he pursued it with equal earnestness, though with renewed confidence, that he might, by a farther increase, abundantly glorify that God whose mercies he had experienced. He was far from the awful delusion of those selfish professors, who seek the salvation of their own souls, independently of a disinterested love of God. Hence he did not rest in a half conversion. The love of God was truly shed abroad in his heart; Christ really dwelt in his heart by faith; and if he enlightened the church, it was chiefly

nity on the mortal remains. The concourse was so great, that it became necessary to lock up his room till the interment. The funeral was attended

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owing to the singleness of his eye that his mind was so full of light. One thing he had desired of the Lord, that he might dwell in the house of the Lord for ever, and his divine master gave to him three things; he blessed him with abundant faith, and abundant hope, but, above all, with superabundant love. He waited on thee, O Lord, in the sanctuary of his heart, and thou taughtest him unutterable things. He communed with thee in secret, and thy power went forth with him, and thy glory visibly rested upon him. His sound went forth throughout the land, so that the deaf heard, and thy life manifested in his life, has, in many instances, awaked the dead in trespasses and sins; and the voice of thy Spirit speaking through him, has bid them live to life eternal. His fruits declared the root whence they sprung. But the multitude of those he was instrumental in converting, were his chief glory. A few, indeed, of these have been known by writings, whose fame will long endure as public benefactors, not only to their own age, but to the world; many more, unheard of by men, walk before God, content in spreading a sweet odour in the humble walks of private life. Thus has God blessed this eminently favored servant with the privacy he sought; till, at the great and awful day, when every secret of the heart shall be unveiled, they shall start from the long slumber of the tomb, and decorate with jewels the rich crown which the righteous Judge shall then give him.

This man of God entertained an exalted view of the greatness and holiness of the Christian profession. How unspeakably high would he say, must be that holiness, of which God himself made man set us the example. How diligent should be our exertions, when the light of God is given to point our way; the strength of God to hold our feet in life. How exalted should be the standard of those men, who expect the God of purity and holiness itself to judge them. And how confident and sure a trust should they

by an unusually numerous assemblage of the most distinguished and eminent personages. Almost every dignitary of the church then in Paris was

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maintain, when God himself, their judge, has suffered to purchase their immortal felicity, and to find place for exercising mercy consistently with justice. Surely if the love of compassion drew down God himself from heaven to earth; gratitude, for so unspeakable a mercy, should lead men from earthly desires, to dwell in heaven in their spirits. As the apostle Paul was, whilst he dwelt on earth, present with Christ in spirit, though absent in body, so M. de St. Cyran was perpetually anxious that his disciples should not merely be professing christians, but that their conversation should really be in heaven, and that their whole heart and mind should be thoroughly cast into the gospel mould. He dreaded the curse of Ezekiel against those false prophets, who build with untempered mortar, and thus raise a wall without strength, which falls at the first storm.

As M. de St. Cyran received the scriptures from his heart, so he accepted them as they are, without any foreign mixture or comment of his own. Before he began to build, he had counted the cost; and when he weighed the price, it was in the balance of the sanctuary. Hence he never sought an easy road to heaven; for he knew that there is no such thing. He recommended to others the road that he himself walked in, viz. the straight road mentioned in scripture as the highway of the kingdom. He knew that Christ set us an example, that we should tread in his steps, and he therefore looked to Christ, and to none else. He knew that Christ pleased not himself, nor did he expect that the servant could find an easier path than his master. He had no new light, whereby to accommodate the world with Christ; he had no new and ingenious contrivances to save men, without obliging them to take up their cross, their *daily* cross, *inward* as well as outward, and to follow their Saviour in the same narrow road which he had trod. He had discovered no new mode of widening the narrow

there. Nobles, men of letters, and even princes of the blood, were present. Amongst the vast concourse of his disciples at the ceremony, were parti-

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way; of lightening the daily cross; or of reconciling together God and Mammon. In this modern science, he was profoundly ignorant. His systems were not traced on the mutable sand of human opinion; but they were engraven on the immutable rock of God's word. He conducted souls to God only by that royal highway of repentance, evidenced by mortification, and faith evidenced by obedience, which all the patriarchs, saints, prophets, and martyrs, had trodden before. Nor did he ever step aside where he saw the print of their footsteps, though it were a path rough with thorns, or even dyed in blood. Whilst most professors were labouring to mitigate the rule of Christ, he was solely taken up in seeking that powerful help of the Holy Spirit, which renews the strength of the fainting soul, like the eagle's; and enduing her with power from on high, shall, in truth, make the most rigid practice easy. Whilst others strove to accommodate the road to their strength, he, relying on God, sought from them strength, adequate to the difficulties of the way.

Whilst M. de St. Cyran avoided the errors of softening down Christianity to the low standard of general practice, he equally avoided the subtle refinements of a false and mystic imagination, which, soaring on wings of her own creating, rises into regions of speculation and fancy, widely different from those which the word of God marks out. He formed no system of ideal perfection, aiming at being wise above what was written. But he rather aimed with superior fidelity, to transcribe into the heart the exact representation which the word of God had drawn. He neither softened the practice of Christianity to suit modern effeminacy of life; nor refined her system to coincide with modern flights of philosophy and imagination. His foundation of faith was Christ; his foundation of practice, the prophets and apostles. His heart was curbed with rigid self-denial, as he steadily walked on towards

cularly observed his faithful friend Lancelot, Madame de Rohan, princesse of Guimenée, and Louisa of Gonzague, the intimate friend of the Reverend

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the mark of Christian, not angelic perfection. Deeply sensible of the fallen state of the human heart, and of the continual need of cleansing anew in the fountain opened for all sin; his heart, his life, his words, were clothed with humility; and hence he perpetually grew in the double love both of the Lord who had bought him, and of his fellow men, for whom the like precious price had been paid.

M. de St. Cyran's mode of conducting souls was solid and substantial. He aimed as much to cure them of a merely superficial devotion, as of sin. He was aware of the thorough corruption of body, soul, and spirit; and he endeavoured to subdue each by its own weapons.

The body he conquered by a strict, but not a rigorous discipline; the soul he convinced by grounding it in the truth; the spirit he well knew could only be renewed by faith.

He knew that religion consists in a change which God alone can work in the heart; but he knew also, that where such a change is really wrought, it will assuredly be visible in the life. Hence he expected conviction to bear its proper fruit of confession, repentance, and mortification, just as much as faith that of good works. Hence his converts were generally solid. They were like trees bearing their fruits in due season; trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord. Hence their piety bore the traces of a long and exercised humility, their fortitude of a firm faith, their self-denial of an heartfelt renunciation of the world, their good works of a genuine love of God. Their religion was substantial; a piety not of phrase and gesture, but of heart and life. Hence his converts shew forth that it was in the school of Christ, and not of men, that they had been taught. When during the tempestuous reign of Louis XIV. sweeping hurricanes and lowering tempests burst upon the Gallican church, and threatened the professing

Mother Angelica, and afterwards Queen of Poland.

His body was interred in Paris, at the parochial

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world with swift destruction; they generally stood as towers, immutable amidst the wide desolation, being at once marks for the vengeance of the adversary, and yet proving firm fortresses of refuge, for the shelter of weak, but sincere brethren.

M. de St. Cyran patiently bore the reign of the proud. During a season of violence and injustice, he preserved heartfelt peace and humility. He prayed for his enemies, and his prayer was unfeigned, because his heart, deeply christianized, in truth felt the lightness of the evils they could inflict on him, and the unutterable abyss of woe into which they were plunging themselves. Therefore his heart truly compassionated their deplorable case. The captive, from the depth of his dungeon, shed tears which God alone witnessed, over the awful case of his thoughtless oppressor; and his prayer for the man who loaded him with chains, parted from a pure heart, and unfeigned lips. When the disciples were commanded to forgive until seventy times seven; they said not, increase our love; but increase our faith; and our blessed Lord approves their request, by telling them that faith can remove mountains; for it is by faith we realize the lightness of temporal woes, and the weight of those eternal ones to which the wicked are hastening.

Such was M. de St. Cyran, a man originally of like passions with us; but who, by contemplating the ineffable glories of God in Jesus Christ, was gradually transformed into his image of righteousness and true holiness. In a dark age, he was a light to the church, for God gave him his light. In an age teeming with error, he upheld the truth, because he was himself upheld by God's truth. In a faithless age, he stood firm in the faith, because he leaned on God's faithfulness. In an age of relaxation, he was holy because God vouchsafed to make him partaker of his holiness, in an age when the church was rent by division, his

soul

church of St. Jacques du Haut pas. His entrails were deposited at Port Royal des Champs. An appropriate epitaph was placed over each. At the final destruction of Port Royal des Champs, the urn containing his ashes was removed to St. Jacques. His heart he had some years before bequeathed to his intimate friend M. Arnauld d' Andilli.

M. de St. Cyran's private life proves him to have been a most eminently pious man. The extensive effects which he produced on his age, prove him to have been a truly great one. It is however by those effects, that this greatness is chiefly perceptible to posterity. The talents in which he super-

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soul beamed with love, because the flame of God's love glowed in his heart.

When I look at the reverend father of so many holy spiritual children, whose shoe latchets I am unworthy to unloose, I could cast myself at his feet in the dust; but when I contemplate the great and merciful Lord, who alone wrought all these wonders for his servant; I must say to him, and to him alone, be all the honor and glory now and for ever.

The Psalmist, after contemplating the beauties of the natural creation, exclaims, " O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all." Yet surely to a christian eye, the creation reflects as a shadow the glory of God; the heart of his saints alone presents a lively image of it. For whilst the one only shews forth his boundless power and his unsearchable wisdom; it belongs to the other only, not only to display these attributes in a yet more perfect manner; but above all to give some faint image of the unutterable sanctity of his holiness, and riches of his love.

eminently excelled, were those rather calculated to obtain a powerful influence over his contemporaries, than to secure a brilliant posthumous fame.

His distinguishing talents were spiritual direction and conversation. In these he eminently excelled. But the peculiar characteristic of M. de St. Cyran was a firmness and strength of character, by which he not merely attracted the hearts, but gained a most powerful ascendency over the minds of all with whom he conversed.

It has already been sufficiently observed, that M. de St. Cyran was a man of extensive theological learning, and of profound research in ecclesiastical antiquity. As a writer, he held a very respectable rank. With such exalted piety and deep erudition he could scarcely do otherwise. Nevertheless, he possibly owes his literary reputation chiefly to the unbounded affection and veneration of his disciples.

Perhaps M. de St. Cyran's works might have ranked more highly, had they not been so completely eclipsed by those of his followers. Most readers recollect that the Lettres Provinciales became the standard of the French language. Their expectations of M. de St. Cyran's works are formed from the writings of Pascal, Nicole, Arnauld, Racine, Saci, Tillemont, le Nain, St. Beuve, Lancelot, d'Andilli, Hermant, St. Marthe, Du Fosse, Fontaine, Quesnel, St. Amour, &c. Accustomed to the splendor of these great lights of the Port Royal school, and habituated to the classic elegance

with which their erudition and piety is clothed; the world naturally, though perhaps unreasonably, expects to meet these excellencies united in a transcendent degree, in the writings of the man who formed such disciples.

Only one or two of M. de St. Cyran's works are yet generally read. Those most likely to profit persons who seek rather to grow in piety, than to enter into the controversies of the times, are as follows, "Lettres Spirituelles," reprinted at Lyons, 1679, in 3 vols. in 12mo. Another volume, containing little tracts, have since been added. They are chiefly brief explanations of christian doctrine, and thoughts on christian poverty.

A pseudonymous publication in folio, under the name of *Petrus Aurelius*, has been generally attributed to M. de St. Cyran. Others have considered it as a joint production of himself and his nephew M. de Barcos. This work obtained in its day an high reputation, and a very extensive celebrity.

The clergy of France published an edition at their own expense, in 1642.

In the eye of the world, the greatest glory of M. de St. Cyran is doubtless this. He was the founder of the wide celebrity of Port Royal, and he had both the Arnaulds, the le Maitres, Nicole, and Pascal, for his disciples. His greatest glory in the sight of christians is, that he was the blessed instrument of gaining such an innumerable company (whose names are with his own inscribed in heaven)

to that experimental knowledge of the only true God, and of Jesus Christ our Lord, which is life eternal.

Cornelius Jansenius

was a native of the village of Acquoy, near Leerdam, a small town in Holland. He was born on the 28th of October, 1585; his father's name was John Otto. Both his parents were zealous catholics. He first studied at Utrecht, and afterwards at the university of Louvain. He soon became the first student. It was at Louvain he first received the appellation of Jansen, or the son of John. It was afterwards Latinized, according to the custom then prevalent amongst authors. He has been ever since known by the name of Jansenius.

His constitution, naturally weak, suffered by unremitting study. The physicians recommended a tour through France. Jansenius went to Paris in 1604. There he formed a close intimacy with M. du Vergier de Hauranne, afterwards the celebrated Abbé of St. Cyran.

Both had studied at Louvain. Abelli and Leydecker describe them as cotemporaries there; and Dupin represents them as studying theology together under Fromond. Dom Lancelot asserts the contrary. He says that Jansenius, who was four years younger than M. du Vergier, immediately succeeded him at the university, and states their personal acquaintance as having commenced at Paris. However this may be, they soon became

closely united. They studied together Greek, Hebrew, and Philosophy; nor was it long before they acquired a high reputation for their theological learning.

Jansenius still continued in ill health. His friend proposed to him to quit Paris, and to become an inmate of his house at Bayonne. There they remained together six years. M. de Hauranne was chosen canon of the cathedral, and Jansenius was appointed head master of the college, newly established in that city. Their leisure hours were dedicated to the study of the fathers. On the works of St. Austin they bestowed an especial degree of labor and attention. In the pages of this great luminary of the church, they soon either saw, or else fancied they saw, those doctrines of inamissible grace, which were the ground work of their subsequent system. They imagined themselves arranging into one harmonious and well combined fabric, sentiments scattered throughout the pages of the venerable bishop of Hippo; whilst they were in fact organizing that system, afterwards so distinguished by the name of Jansenism. A system which, when published, was denounced to the church as heretical. Nor did it only stigmatize the name of Jansenius with the odious appellation of Heresiarch; but it likewise subjected his friends to a long series of cruel persecutions.

The studies of M. de St. Cyran and his friend were indefatigable. Madame de Hauranne, who kept her son's house, often interposed. "I am really

afraid, my dear son," she continually said, "you will kill your good Fleming with so much hard study."

At the expiration of six years, they returned to Paris. They continued together a short time. Jansenius afterwards, in 1617, returned to Louvain. Two years afterwards he obtained a doctor's diploma. He was invested also with the direction of the college of St. Pulcheria. It was completed under his inspection, and the regulations were instituted by him. In the course of the years 1624 and 1625, he was twice deputed by the university to the Spanish court. The object of this deputation was to oppose the Jesuits. They had attempted to establish professorships of their own at Louvain, which should have a power of conferring degrees, valid in the university. The college of Louvain succeeded in repressing their encroachments. The Jesuits never forgave Jansenius.

About this period the reputation of Jansenius began to be diffused throughout Europe. He published several theological works. They were laborious, and discovered an uncommon depth both of piety and learning. They were consequently highly esteemed.

One indeed of the works of Jansenius, entitled Mars Gallicus, gave a mortal offence to Cardinal Richelieu. At the King of Spain's request, he had drawn a parallel between the state of the church in France and in Spain. The result was decidedly in favor of the latter. This work appeared at the

most unfortunate moment. It was just then suspected that Cardinal Richelieu wished to erect France into a patriarchat, and to become himself patriarch. Perhaps at no other juncture could it have been so unwelcome. Some have thought it was principally this circumstance which laid the foundation of that unrelenting animosity with which Cardinal Richelieu afterwards persecuted the Jansenists.

The reputation of Jansenius increased rapidly. His learning had already obtained him the chancellorship of the university of Louvain. Bishoprics were often designed for him, but the influence of the Jesuits always prevented their being bestowed. At length his uncommon merit prevailed. His piety, notwithstanding all their cabals, gained him the bishopric of Ypres. He was consecrated on the 28th of October, 1636.

Scarcely was Jansenius seated in the episcopal chair, when the influence of his superior merits was felt. His piety, his humanity, his assiduity, his self-denial, and his learning, were topics of universal observation. His erudition, indeed, had long obtained celebrity; but men forgot to notice his christian virtues, till he was placed in a situation where themselves became partakers in their beneficial influence.

The day he devoted to acts of charity, religious instruction, and visitations of his diocese. The night he dedicated, as he was used, to prayer and study. Even whilst at Bayonne, he seldom went

to bed. A large old-fashioned chair, fitted up with cushions, and a writing-desk, was long exhibited at M. de St. Cyran's as the study of Jansenius. In this chair he was accustomed to read, to write, and to sleep. He usually passed the night in it. When overtaken by fatigue, he leaned back, dozed for a short time, and then resumed his studies.

He scarcely ever slept more than four hours out of the twenty-four.

Jansenius was a man of remarkably abstemious and ascetic habits. Grace had entirely subdued his naturally warm temper, and had converted the impetuosity of a lion, into the patience and gentleness of a lamb. He was a man of primitive integrity, fervent faith, and a solid understanding. His learning was not unworthy of comparison with that of the doctors of the Christian church; and his piety was worthy a true successor of the apostles. Yet the quality for which he was most peculiarly distinguished was, christian watchfulness and circumspection. His piety attained to its uncommon growth and depth, not so much from any superior brightness of divine illumination, as by his peculiar assiduity in strictly attending to that light he had. Whilst at Bayonne, both himself and M. de St. Cyran had been peculiarly struck with the character of Abraham. This great patriarch had neither the advantages of the christian, nor even of the Mosaic institution. The command he received from the Lord was, Walk before me, and be thou perfect. Abraham obeyed the command, and be-

came the father of the faithful, and the friend of God. Owing to a contemplation of this passage, both M. de St. Cyran and Jansenius were peculiarly attentive at all times to entertain a sense of the divine presence, and to walk as before God. The immense plenitude of spiritual riches which afterwards distinguished these great men, was almost entirely accumulated by a constant watchfulness over their own spirits, and self-denial in what are termed little things.

The charities of Jansenius were extensive, but discriminating. His measure and mode of assisting his flock united an episcopal munificence with christian humility, simplicity, and love. He never seemed fatigued with serving the poor.

Jansenius was no sooner elevated to the see of Ypres, than he occupied himself in tracing a plan for effecting a permanent reformation in his diocese. His scheme was said to have been as luminous, as his end was pious and benevolent.

His beneficent projects were never executed.

A raging plague broke out in Flanders. It more particularly desolated the neighbourhood of Ypres. The inhabitants, seized with consternation, fled in every direction. Motives, neither of humanity nor lucre, could induce them to assist those afflicted with the distemper.

In the midst of this fiery trial, the faith of Jansenius was clearly manifested. It stood unmoved, because it was founded upon Christ the rock. Calm amidst the dismayed multitude, he was seen

in every place where the devouring contagion had spread. Every where he appeared as a guardian-angel amidst the sick and dying.

Their most loathsome wounds he dressed with his own hands. The most infected abodes of wretchedness he entered in person, bringing food and medicines, when all others refused the task. Wretches abandoned by all, plundered and stripped of every thing, lying in the agonies of death, found in the Bishop of Ypres the most tender friend and compassionate benefactor. He was ever ready to pour divine truth into the heart, and to attempt to save the soul, even whilst the body lay in the very jaws of death. Wherever the infection raged, there was the good bishop to be seen. If for a short time he was missed, it was well known that he retired, not for the purpose of relaxation, but of intercession and of prayer.

The Lord, who remembers even a cup of cold water bestowed in his name, beheld the labours of his faithful servant. His loving kindness honored with a martyr's crown, him who had performed a martyr's work.

Jansenius was suddenly struck with the contagion.

The Lord whom he served, saw he was prepared. He does not causelessly grieve the children of men, nor willingly afflict with needless sufferings. A few hours sufficed this highly-favored servant to leave a glorious testimony behind. Then the Lord was pleased immediately to remove him from per-

secutions on earth, to an incorruptible and undefiled inheritance amongst his saints in heaven. He died on the 6th of May, 1638. He was buried in the cathedral church of Ypres. His tomb was placed in the centre of the choir. A monument was erected over his remains, on which was inscribed an epitaph, which, on account of its singular beauty, is here inserted.

D. O. M.
CORNELIUS JANSENIUS HIC SITUS EST
Satis dixi
Virtus eruditio fama cætera loquentur
Lovanii diu admirationi fuit
Hic incepit tantum
Ad episcopale fastigium evectus
ut Belgio ostenderetur
Ut fulgur luxit et statim *Extinctus est*
Sic humana omnia
etiam brevia cum Longa sunt!
Funera tamen suo superstes
Vivet in Augustino
Arcanarum cogitationum ejus
Si quis unquam fidelissimus interpres
Ingenium divinum studium acre vitam totam
huic operi arduo et pio dederat
et cumeo finitus est
Ecclesia in *terris* *fructum* capiet
Ipse in *Coelis* jam *Mercedem*
Sic vove et apprecare lector
Extinctus est contagio anno 1638
Pridie nonas Maii ætatis anno nondum 53.

The general meaning of this beautiful epitaph might be thus rendered. The following is not, however, an exact translation.

HERE LIES CORNELIUS JANSENIUS
Enough
His virtues erudition and celebrity speak the rest
Long the admiration of Louvain
He only here began to be so
Raised to the episcopal dignity
That he might astonish Flanders
As lightning he shone and was *Extinct*
So brief all human glory
So short the longest course
Yet shall he survive corruption
His Spirit lives in Augustinus
He penetrated into the soul of his author
and (if any mortal ever did) he
as a most faithful interpreter
unfolded his recondite depths of thought
To this sole pious and arduous undertaking
he dedicated
Affections most spiritual Researches most laborious
and the whole of a life most precious
He effected his work and with its completion expired
The Church reaps the *fruit* of his labors on *Earth*
Whilst he enjoys their *full reward* in *Heaven.*

Reader
Render thanksgivings and pour out thy soul in prayer.
He died of the pestilence
Anno 1638 on the 6th of May
in the 53d year of his age.

Jansenius was scarcely dead, when it was announced to the public that he had completed his Augustinus. A report too was circulated, that it was preparing for publication. It had, indeed, for some time, been generally known that the Bishop of Ypres had been engaged in this work. The piety and erudition of the author had raised men's expectations very high. His enemies, on the other hand, anticipated its completion as the moment of malicious triumph.

The little flock of M. de St. Cyran had began to be more known in France. Their holy lives and deep devotion were indeed more ostensible than the peculiarities of their dogmas. Nevertheless, sufficient was known of the latter to inspire the Jesuits with a hope of being able to affix some imputation of heresy on the work of Jansenius.

The Bishop of Ypres had, however, taken precautions which ought to have effectually disarmed the malice of his enemies. Whilst he had always, with the most undaunted boldness, defended the Christian faith, it soon appeared that he felt the most profound humility respecting his own exposition of contested dogmas.

The work of Jansenius was entitled *Augustinus Cornelii Jansenii episcopi, seu doctrina sancti Augustini de humanæ naturæ sanctitate ægritudinæ, medica adversus Pelagianos et Massilienses Louvain* 1640, *and at Rome* 1652, *in fol.*

This work is divided into three parts. In the first, the learned author presented a luminous and

very detailed exposition of the errors of the Pelagians, and semi-pelagians. In this part of it, he frequently attacked Molina, Lessius, and all the theologians of the day, who came under the description of quietists. In the second part, he treats of divine grace: he speaks of the happiness enjoyed by angels in heaven, and by man in paradise. Every thing which St. Augustin has said relative to these subjects, is here arranged and combined in one whole; and all those objections are discussed which are generally opposed to those doctrines, called by their partisans, the doctrines of grace. From thence he proceeds to describe the state of man after the fall: he describes his guilt and misery, and explains, in the words of St. Austin, the nature and fatal consequences of original sin. He declares that all men are born in sin, and are, by nature, children of wrath. That all are guilty before God, and that they remain under the dominion of sin, dead in trespasses and sins, and sitting in thick darkness, till the grace of the Savior shall arise to give them light; and till he, who is the resurrection and the life, shall call them from a state of spiritual death, and command their bonds to be loosed. He then enters at large into the various arguments, by which many excellent men have been led to think that grace irresistible and inamissible.

In the third part of this elaborate work, Jansenius treats of the remedy of the fallen soul, and of its re-establishment in the liberty of the children

of God. This division of his subject exhibits uncommon erudition. Every sentence scattered throughout the voluminous works of St. Austin, which could possibly bear on the subject, is here collected into one focus, and arranged with the utmost perspicuity and exactness.

The outlines of this work had been traced in conjunction with M. de St. Cyran at Bayonne. Its completion occupied the venerable author above twenty years. During this period, he had ten times read through the whole of St. Augustin's works, and thirty times carefully perused and compared those parts of them relating to the Pelagian controversy.

In addition to this immense labor, Jansenius had also thoroughly studied, and accurately collated, every passage throughout the voluminous works of the fathers, which has any connexion with the doctrines in question. When we consider that Jansenius digested and arranged in twenty years the whole mass of sacred literature accumulated in thirteen centuries, it excites astonishment that so short a period could have sufficed to the execution of such a performance.

To this grand undertaking his life had been devoted: he lived to finish it. This great work, so long meditated, so deeply studied, so assiduously revised; this work, doubtless so sincerely intended, (though, in the event, celebrated almost alone for the evils it occasioned) this work was completed the very day on which Jansenius expired.

Its truly admirable author acted as though he had foreseen the ferment to which it would give rise. His very last act manifested his deep humility, and his entire submission to a church, which he believed, guided by the immediate influence of the divine Spirit.

With his dying hand he wrote a letter to Pope Urban VIII., submitting his unpublished work to his inspection. In this letter he gave up the whole manuscript to the decision of the Romish see, and authorized the pontiff to alter or to rescind any part of it. Some of his expressions are to the following effect: "The expressions of St. Augustin are peculiarly profound. The various modes in which his writings have been interpreted, prove at once the difficulty of the exposition, and the incompetence of the expositors. Whether I have been more fortunate, whether I speak according to truth, or whether I am deluded by my own conjectures, can only be known by submitting my whole work to the test; to that true and infallible light before which the illusive glare of false splendor disappears; to that divine touch-stone, at whose touch every thing is ground to powder which possesses not the solidity of truth.—I therefore now lay my work at the feet of your holiness. I submit its contents implicitly to your decision, approving, condemning, advancing, or retracting, whatever shall be prescribed by the thunder of the apostolic see."

Persons will differ in opinion as to the propriety

of choosing such an umpire. None probably will, however, disagree as to the propriety of such an one having been chosen by Jansenius, a catholic bishop. Whatever conclusion be formed of the measure itself, there are surely none who name the name of Christ, but what must venerate the truly christian humility of heart, by which it was dictated.

The letter of Jansenius was suppressed by his executors. They probably foresaw the opposition of the Jesuits, and feared, lest through their influence, the work should be suppressed altogether. However this may be, the existence of such a letter was never suspected, till the reduction of Ypres by the arms of Louis XIV. It then fell into the hands of the great Condé. He first made it public.

Jansenius had taken a double precaution. Just before his death he made a will. By this instrument he unreservedly abandoned both himself and his book to the judgment and authority of the see of Rome. The following are his very words. He dictated them half an hour before his death.

"*Sentio aliquid difficulter mutari. Si tamen Romana sedes aliquid mutari velit; sum obediens filius; et illius ecclesiæ in quâ semper vixi usque ad hunc lectum mortis obediens sum. Ita postrema voluntas mea est Actum sextâ Maii* 1638." That is, "I feel that it will be difficult to alter any thing. Yet, if the Romish see should wish any thing to be altered, I am her obedient son; and to that church in which I have always lived, even to this bed

of death, I will prove obedient. This is my last will. Done 6 of May, 1638."

Such were the sentiments entertained by Jansenius to the end of his life. It is not a little surprising, to find him erected into an heresiarch immediately after his death.

Scarcely had Jansenius expired, when his executors hastened to disregard his will, and his opponents to insult his memory.

The Jesuits used all their influence to obtain the suppression of the work. The executors, on the contrary, strained every nerve to expedite the publication. They dreaded the credit of the Jesuits with the court of Rome. On this account they wished the book to appear, before Rome had given her decision.

Meanwhile, numberless pamphlets were circulated on either side.

Whilst all good men must deplore the inveterate virulence which instigated the persecuting Jesuits, may not many persons join the wise and amiable Fenelon in regretting the ardor of zeal with which the Jansenists were animated in defending an obscure, and merely speculative doctrine? It might be observed, that good men are never likely to espouse a cause which has not some important truth for its ground work: but, on the other hand, that they are never so likely to exaggerate it, to misapply it, and to overlook the antagonist truths which keep it in its due sphere of action, as when they are defending it against an opponent who is engaged in

its overthrow. If this be the case, it may, perhaps, be thought that Jansenius would have done more wisely, had his system been founded on the works of St. Austin, previous to his discussions with Pelagius, and had he received with a prudent caution what that great saint wrote under the heated influence of a warm and animated controversy.

The church of Christ is separated from infidels by holding truth in opposition to falsehood. But the members of Christ are severed from each other generally, by holding distinct truths exclusively; and by thus placing in opposition those truths they should hold in combination. Thus has it been with the grand principles of divine grace, which honors God, our sovereign benefactor; and of free-will, which glorifies God our impartial judge. Concluding, that if the one of these great truths were admitted, the other must be combated, the bulk of the professing world has continually been vibrating between the alternate extremes of antinomian fatalism, and pharisaic self-righteousness. And whilst each party has reaped the benefit of the truth it held, each has suffered from the equally important one it unadvisedly rejected. From the times of the Pharisees and Sadducees, the Pelagians and Augustinians, the Jesuits and Jansenists, to the Arminians and Calvinists of the present day, the evils of such discussions have been sufficiently manifest. Whilst the true christian deplores the mischiefs these controversies have occasioned to the speculative controvertists on either side, he rejoices

to see the most eminently pious on both sides led by the grace of God to receive in their *hearts*, even those very truths which formed the stumbling-block to their *understanding*. Who that has chosen that more excellent way of love the apostle speaks of, will not join in saying with St. Austin in his epistles, *Si non est gratia Dei quomodo salvat mundum? Si non est liberum arbitrium quomodo judicat mundum?* If there be not (sovereign) free grace, how does God (graciously) save the world? If there be not (unrestricted) free will, how can God (righteously) judge the world?

When points terminating in speculation divide christians, the church may well mourn. To all such controversies are dangerous. On merely carnal professors, they operate as a blind, veiling from their own mind the real motives which induce them to attack their more spiritual brethren. Whilst the mind is occupied in combating the speculative opinions of good men, the heart which instigated the attack is often set on by a lurking enmity against the piety connected with them. The corruption of the carnal heart is really kindled against divine truth. Its blows are in reality aimed against her, whilst it screens itself under the specious pretence of attacking the extraneous opinions casually connected with her. The word of God itself cannot be broken. It is only when good men unwarily connect their own speculations with revealed truth, that they present a point vulnerable to the attacks of their adversaries. Nor is controversy perhaps

less dangerous to the truly pious. With them it is but too apt to prove a snare. They forget the comparative importance of primary truths, whilst their strength is expended in maintaining opinions alike doubtful and unimportant. It is lamentable to employ the arms with which men should combat for Christ, in fruitless contentions against their brethren. In controversies vain as they regard truth, but fatal as they respect love. How often have theological disputations on non-essential points, proved the breach of the church, and the strong hold of infidelity!

Two years after it was first announced, the work of Jansenius made its appearance. War was immediately re-kindled by the Jesuits with redoubled animosity. Multitudes of publications appeared against the Augustinus. Had they stopped there, it had been well.

Some amongst the Jesuits were not content with attacking the reputation of Jansenius, and with traducing as an heresiarch, a man who had lived the life of a saint, and who had died, not only in communion with the church, but exercising the sacred functions of a bishop. Their rancorous malice even pursued his remains beyond the grave.

About midnight, on the 10th of December, 1657, the inscription over the grave of Jansenius was surreptitiously removed, and the tomb itself so completely demolished, that not a vestige remained. Next morning the chapter of Ypres discovered the indignity offered to their bishop. They were highly

incensed, both at this treatment of their pastor, and at the insult to their authority. There was, however, no remedy, as it appeared, on inquiry, to have been done by the bishop succeeding Jansenius, at the instigation of the Jesuits.

In the year 1672, a second epitaph, written on a plain white marble slab, was placed where the monument had stood. This latter inscription consisted merely of the two first lines of the former one, with the age and date. Yet, although it conveyed no eulogium, it was not suffered to continue.

The Jesuits were so inveterate in their animosity, that they had it removed in less than a month after it was placed. A simple cross pattee on the paving-stone which covered his grave, was the only mark which distinguished the place of his interment. In the year 1733, a fact was revealed to the world, which had never till then been suspected. It was announced in the Histoire du Baïanisme, page 344, published by Father du Chesne. This Jesuit asserts, that when the monument of Jansenius was first destroyed, his body was torn from the grave, and disposed of elsewhere. A few years afterwards the cathedral was fresh paved. No trace now remains to mark the sepulchre of Jansenius. His arms, indeed, on one of the pillars of the church, still record his burial to have been within its precincts.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the Jesuits, the work of the Bishop of Ypres appeared in print about two years after the death of its author. The

name of Jansenist was now for the first time heard. It was affixed to the friends of M. de St. Cyran, by those who wished to imply that their system was a new heresy first broached by Jansenius. They called themselves the disciples of St. Augustin.

Much had been written on both sides. Many vexatious and oppressive proceedings had been resorted to on the part of the Jesuits, and much had been endured on that of the Jansenists.

At length, Father Cornet, a Jesuit, and syndic of the faculty, produced five propositions. They were, it was insinuated, extracted from the work of Jansenius. These propositions were worded with the most artful ambiguity. The phrases were so contrived, as to be capable of two constructions, widely differing from each other. Taken in one point of view, the terms employed had a considerable resemblance to some used by Jansenius. On the other hand, they were affixed to such different ideas, and applied so differently, that the meaning obviously conveyed was, in some instances, absolutely opposite to his. This paper, so carefully worded and maliciously constructed, was laid before the Sorbonne, and before the apostolic see, as containing dangerous, false, and heretical doctrine.

It underwent a long and animated discussion. At length, the desired verdict was obtained. It was pronounced heretical, first by the Sorbonne, and afterwards by a bulle of Innocent X. A general assembly of the French clergy was summoned. Almost all the dignitaries of the Gallican church

attended. With a very few exceptions, they united in the proscription of the new heresy.

The Jesuits had now gained their point. It was proposed and determined to draw up a formula, recapitulating the five propositions, and subjoining to them a declaration, that they were heretical. A decree was then issued, commanding the formulary to be signed by all religious houses, by all the clergy, by all who instructed children, and by all who pretended to benefices or orders.

The Jesuits already anticipated a triumph. They congratulated themselves on having laid a snare, into which they thought it impossible the friends of M. de St. Cyran could avoid falling. Should they sign the insidious formulary, it would involve the condemnation of their own works, and consequently of themselves. If, on the contrary, they refused their signatures, their heresy would be manifest. They would incur the most serious consequences by setting at nought the bulle of Pope Innocent. The measures of the Jesuits were already laid. They only awaited a refusal of signature on the part of the Jansenists, as the expected signal to begin a vigorous persecution. In this calculation they were disappointed. The Jansenists unanimously signed the paper; each at the same time adding a line to his signature, denying the propositions to be in the book of Jansenius, and pointing out wherein they differed.

The Jesuits were enraged at having been thus foiled. They were not, however, deterred from

their aim. A second application was made to the court of Rome. Another bulle was prepared, the terms of which were more explicit than those of the former. On the 16th of November, 1656, a bulle was fulminated by Alexander VII. confirming that of Innocent. It likewise proceeded to declare, that the propositions were not only heretical, but that they were likewise extracted from Jansenius. It concluded by expressly declaring, that the sense in which they were condemned, was the one in which they were stated in his Augustinus.

This bulle was no sooner published, than the bishops, under the influence of the Jesuits, drew up a second formulary. The words were express. It was calculated, they thought, to afford no means of escape. It was conceived in the following terms: "I condemn from my inmost soul, and by word of mouth, the doctrine of the five propositions which are contained in the work of Cornelius Jansenius. A doctrine which is not that of St. Augustin, whose sentiments Jansenius has misinterpreted."

Such was the celebrated formulary, dictated by the malice, and extorted by the intrigue of the Jesuits. It proved the signal of all the persecutions that ensued.

When presented to the Jansenists, they all with one accord refused their signature.

They unanimously declared, that the catholic church, whilst she asserts the divine authority of the Apostolic see on subjects of faith, yet allows her only a human judgment as to matters of fact. The

scripture, which cannot be broken, promises that divine influence of the Holy Spirit which enables the church infallibly to distinguish true from false doctrine. But whence is the authority, and where is the necessity of divine revelation to instruct her in matters of fact? From their very nature they are objects of sense, not of faith; and therefore belong to the province of reason, not of revelation. The heresy of the propositions was, they admitted an object of faith; their having been advanced by Jansenius they contended to be a matter of fact. With respect then to their heretical nature, they cordially united with their brethren, and they implicitly submitted to the paramount authority of the apostolic see. With regard to the alleged fact, that such propositions were actually contained in the work of Jansenius, they could not but consider it as coming solely under the cognizance of individual judgment.

Whilst then they yielded a blind obedience to Rome as to the former; they preserved the liberty of maintaining a respectful silence regarding the latter.

No sooner was this answer returned, than the persecution burst forth from every quarter. The court, the Jesuits, and the Clergy, united with one consent to oppress the Jansenists. Excommunications, fines, and cruel banishments, and rigorous imprisonments were every where inflicted. The state prisons became thronged. The threats of fire and of poison were not withheld. The bastille was

crowded with victims. Even recesses in the passages were converted into temporary cells.

Many of the peaceful inhabitants of Port Royal were torn from their beloved seclusion. The recluses underwent cruel sufferings in the bastille; and a number of the nuns were separately imprisoned in different convents. There they were confined in narrow cells, and closely guarded. They were not only deprived of the necessary comforts of life, but were otherwise treated with disgraceful inhumanity. The nuns to whom they were committed, were misguided by those blind guides, of whom the scripture declares, that they compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and at length render him tenfold more the child of error than themselves. They forgot their religious characters and commenced ruthless jailers. They persecuted the children of the Most High, and they deluded themselves into the idea that they were doing GOD service.

A short respite was at length obtained. In this pacification Madame de Longueville took the most distinguished part. This princesse was possessed of extensive influence; her political talents procured her great respect, and her beauty and wit rendered her generally beloved. At her instigation, and under her patronage, the Archbishop of Sens, and the Bishop of Chalons and some others, drew up a plan for an accommodation. The duchesse of Longueville wrote on the occasion a long letter to the Pope. Clement IX., who had just ascend-

ed the chair of St. Peter, was a man of a benevolent and pacific spirit. He had long deplored the agitated state of the Gallican church. In this disposition he rejoiced that an opportunity was offered to effect a reconciliation without compromising the authority of the papal jurisdiction. A pacification was effected. The prison doors were opened, the ecclesiastical censures were removed, and those valuable persons, who so eminently belonged to the church of God, had rest for a season.

The peace however was not of long duration. Madame de Longueville died. A month after her decease the persecution began with redoubled violence. The short suspension of eleven years appeared only to have embittered the adversaries of the Jansenists without curtailing their power.

Persecuted on all hands, some perished in prison, others died in banishment.

The great Arnauld, who had refused a Cardinal's hat, died an exile in a remote part of Flanders, without one servant to attend him. Some wandered about in disguise, others expired, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, praying for their afflicted brethren and their still more unhappy persecutors.

Port Royal was the fountain whence Jansenism had spread over France. That monastery felt the heaviest shock of the storm. For one century and two years, it stood in the midst of its enemies; and its bright light shone with undiminished lustre. It gave a splendid and rare example of profound learning, united with every christian virtue. The

ear that heard its instruction blessed it, and the eye that saw its inhabitants, bore witness to them. It shone as a great light in the land, and its good works turned the hearts of men to glorify their Father in heaven. Its fame spread over the land, and its good report went forth abroad. Its blessed influence extended to the remotest parts of Europe. Several generations of its peaceful and pious inhabitants had indeed perished amidst persecution; but others still arose, endued with a double portion of their spirit. At length the measure of their sufferings was complete. These living stones, so carefully fashioned by reiterated strokes, became fitted for the temple of the living God. They were ready to occupy that place in the church triumphant, they had so long and so faithfully maintained in the church militant.

Their adversaries were at length in wrath allowed to triumph. They were permitted at once to finish their sufferings, and to complete the measure of their own iniquity. In October, 1709, Port Royal was destroyed. Its venerable abbey was levelled to the ground, and its innocent inhabitants were imprisoned for life in separate monasteries. Few of them long survived their dispersion. Their removal was attended with circumstances of peculiar cruelty, and they soon expired from the hardships of their journey and the ill usage experienced in their prisons.

The site where Port Royal had stood was ploughed up, from its very foundation, so that not

one stone remained upon another. Yet though the great and powerful were leagued together, to extinguish that burning and shining light, of whose illumination they were not worthy; yet its memory was still held in benediction. The peasants were accustomed to visit its ruins, and even the very children endeavored to pick up some fragment of its sacred remains. The poor, as they returned from their labor, frequently turned out of their path, to visit the valley where Port Royal stood. They traced its lakes and its gardens; they pointed out to each other the places where they had seen its saints, and in the warmth of their affectionate gratitude, they recounted the beneficent miracles they imagined its hallowed ruins had wrought. The profound veneration expressed by the inhabitants for Port Royal, rekindled the malice of its enemies. The ashes of the saints who reposed there were torn from their graves, and scattered by sacrilegious hands. Five years after not a vestige remained of an institution, whose well earned and extensive celebrity was only to be exceeded by the profound veneration and fervent admiration, of those intimately acquainted with its rare endowments.

The destruction of Port Royal des Champs, may be considered as the death blow to Jansenism. Many Jansenists indeed still continued in Flanders. And the subject was agitated for some years subsequent to this event. The expiration of Jansenism as a matter engrossing public attention, may be dated about the time of Father Quesnel's death.

He succeeded the great Arnauld as the champion of Jansenism, and may be considered as the last of that brilliant constellation, whose genius and piety had shed so splendid and beneficent a light over the end of the seventeenth, and beginning of the eighteenth century.

The principal leaders of the Jansenistic cause, succeeded each other as follows:

The death of Jansenius took place in the year - - - - - - 1638

M. du Vergier de Hauranne, Abbé de St. Cyran, died in - - - 1643

The great Arnauld then took the lead, accompanied by his friend and assistant Nicole, whose deaths occurred { Arnauld - - 1684 / Nicole - - 1695

The great Arnauld was succeeded by his intimate friend Father Quesnel, who vigorously maintained the cause by his writings, and at the court of Rome by delegate, till he expired at Amsterdam, in 1719.

The above mentioned are some of the chief controversial writers, who maintained the cause of the Jansenists. Their most valuable authors are perhaps those who have entered but little into the disputed points. Those who have contributed to improve the world by their learning, or who have edified the christian world by their moral and experimental works. A library of this description might be collected, from the numerous and valuable writings of the recluses of Port Royal.

The principal works of Jansenius are Commenta-

ries on the Evangelists in quarto, on the Pentateuch in quarto, on the Psalms, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes, at Antwerp, 1614, in folio. These works all manifest the deep erudition of their author, and are written with correctness and perspicuity. Besides this, he has written some works of controversy, now little read, and his celebrated commentary on St. Augustin, in folio, Louvain, 1640; and at Rouen, 1652. The latter edition is the best and contains some essays omitted in that of Louvain.

Leydecker has written the life of Jansenius in Latin, octavo, Utrecht, 1695. See also Histoire Ecclesiastique du dixseptieme siecle by Du Pin, and l'Histoire des cinq propositions de Jansenius, par Dumas.

PORT ROYAL.

THIS celebrated monastery is about six leagues distance from Paris. It is situated in a wooded valley, near Chevreuse, and is within view of the little villages of St. Lambert and Vaumurier.

The Abbey of Port Royal is one of the most ancient belonging to the order of Citeaux. It was founded in 1204, by Eudes de Sully, Bishop of Paris. The discipline of this monastery, like that of most others, declined in process of time. Like the generality of religious houses of the same order, it exhibited, towards the close of the sixteenth century, a lamentable and awful degree of relaxation. The rule of St. Bennet was scarcely known there. The retirement of the cloister was unobserved. The revenues, which ought to have been diffused in charity, were converted to purposes of luxury. Self-indulgence had banished all regularity, and a worldly spirit influenced the whole community.

At this juncture the Abbess died. It was at this period a very common abuse to appoint children to ecclesiastical offices, in order to secure the revenue to the family.

Maria Angelica Arnauld was nominated Abbess of Port Royal, before she had completed her eleventh year. She was scarcely eight years old when

she assumed the habit of the order. At nine she made her profession before the General of Citeaux. He gave her his benediction eighteen months afterwards.

How deep are the judgments of God, and his ways past finding out! How little probability did there appear, that the child thus iniquitously elected, should prove the very instrument in the hands of God, to restore discipline in the order, and to lay the foundation of the celebrity of Port Royal!

The nuns rejoiced at the appointment; they promised themselves a long period of unbounded liberty. Their joy was not of very long duration.

The young abbess at first, indeed, only thought of devising means of passing her time agreeably. Yet it was soon observed, that if her occupations bore no marks of piety, her very recreations, however, were such as indicated a powerful and vigorous mind, a sound judgment, and a superior degree of intelligence.

Scarcely had she attained the age of seventeen, before God was pleased to effect her conversion. It was accomplished by means most unlikely.

A capuchin, wearied of a religious life, had emancipated himself from his superiors. His conduct had, in many respects, been reprehensible. He therefore determined to quit France, and to abjure the catholic religion. It so happened, that he passed through Port Royal in his way. This abbey is also the parish church.

Being entirely ignorant of this man's misconduct,

the abbess, from motives of civility, requested him to preach. The capuchin meanwhile was as little acquainted with the character of the nuns, as they were with his. He imagined them to be eminently pious. He therefore preached a most alarming discourse. He expatiated largely on the misery and dangers of sin, and on the power and blessings of true religion. He also dwelt forcibly on the dangers of the world; and portrayed, in the most lively manner, those peculiar advantages which are furnished by a monastic life.

The young abbess was forcibly struck. From that hour she formed the resolution to devote herself wholly to God. And not only so, she resolved, by divine grace, that as soon as she was converted herself, she would strengthen her sisters, and reform every abuse in the monastery committed to her charge.

At this period she was taken dangerously ill. During a confinement of several months, her resolution strengthened, and her piety and experience deepened. Meditation, prayer, and reading the scriptures, divided her solitary hours.

She came from her chamber a new person. Her habits, her manners, her views, were totally changed; her mind was always powerful; those powers were now exercised, not in the gratification of self, but in establishing a solid and beneficial reform.

She had some difficulties to encounter; but nothing could shake her perseverance. In five years

the monastery was entirely changed. The whole community presented a pattern of piety, charity, industry, self-denial, regularity, and every good work.

Port Royal was the first house that was reformed in the order of Citeaux. The change consequently excited considerable attention. As usual, opinions were divided.

The Rev. M. Angelica had a sister, named Agnes, of St. Paul, two years younger than herself. This lady was, at six years old, nominated Abbess of St. Cyr. M. Agnes was of a very different disposition from her sister. She was not distinguished for the same masculine energy of mind and resolute spirit, as the Mother Angelica. She rather possessed *passive*, than active *strength* of character. But her understanding was solid, though not brilliant; her mind was well stored by studies not common to her sex; her judgment was clear and accurate; her heart and affections temperate, and well balanced. Her disposition was placid; and she had feared God from her earliest youth. The Mother Agnes had always felt averse to assume the office of Abbess. She knew it involved a heavy responsibility, and she was aware of her incapacity worthily to fulfil it. She had ever been distinguished for unfeigned humility, and for a warm admiration of her sister.

No sooner was the reform established at Port Royal, than she resigned the office of Abbess in her own monastery, to become a simple nun under the direction of the M. Angelica.

Not long after, this lady took her as coadjutrix in the direction of the monastery of Port Royal. Thus was the reform solidly established.

Meanwhile, the fame of Port Royal and of the M. Angelica extended itself over all France. Numbers of pious individuals, in different convents, had long been mourning in secret over the relaxation of their own communities. They earnestly desired a restoration of the ancient discipline; yet they knew not where to begin.

In this perplexity they applied to the M. Angelica. Petitions were sent from various convents to the Abbess of Port Royal; she was entreated to undertake the establishment of the reform they so anxiously wished for. At first, she replied that she had no authority to quit her own monastery. Requests were, however, presented by such a multiplicity of houses, that she was, at length, ordered by the General of Citeaux, either to go in person, or to send some of her community, in order to establish the reform wherever it was desired.

The M. Agnes had now been for some years initiated into the plans of her sister. She was at this time equally competent with herself, either to supply her place at Port Royal, or to carry on the reform elsewhere.

These ladies, or some of their principal assistants, successively visited the monasteries of Maubuisson, Lys, St. Aubin, St. Cyr, Gomerfontaine, Tard, the Isles d'Auxerres, and many other places.

In several of these houses they met with ren-

counters, which might furnish the subject of volumes. In none did they meet with more difficulties than at Maubuisson. The M. Angelica was on the point of being murdered by the former abbess, Madame d'Estrées, sister to the celebrated Gabrielle d'Estrées.

In every one of the monasteries, however, a solid reform was, at length, effectually established. Both the nuns and abbesses considered their visitors from Port Royal, as angels descended from heaven. The M. Angelica became a blessing, not only to her own abbey, but to the whole order of Citeaux.

Meanwhile, the celebrity of Port Royal had occasioned a prodigious increase in the number of its inhabitants. Thirty nuns of Maubuisson besought the M. Angelica to allow them to return with her, after her visit to their convent: besides which, a great many ladies from every part of France were continually applying for admittance. This rapid increase began to be a serious inconvenience.

The abbey had been originally destined for twelve nuns. It now was inhabited by eighty.

It ought to have been observed, that the monastery was situated in a deep, and thickly wooded valley, watered by two extensive lakes. For want of being properly drained, they had spread in one continued marsh over the whole vale. The vicinity of the wood increased the evil. The situation became exceedingly damp and unhealthy. The whole monastery was continually enveloped in a thick fog. The situation was rendered still more

noxious by the want of proper accommodation for so large a family.

The house, at length, became a complete infirmary. Deaths continually succeeded each other. Yet numbers of fresh postulants were perpetually offering.

In this difficulty, Providence did not abandon the M. Angelica. A resource was afforded by her own family. Her mother, Madame Arnauld, was a lady of very considerable affluence. She was daughter to the celebrated M. Marion, advocate-general. This lady had been the mother of twenty children. Ten had died in their youth; the others were amply and honourably provided for.

She was herself, at this period, left a widow, with a very considerable fortune at her own disposal.

There happened, at this very juncture, to be a noble house with magnificent gardens, offered for sale at Paris.

It was situated in the Fauxbourg St. Jacques, and was called the hotel Clagny. This house Madame Arnauld purchased at a very considerable expense, and presented to her daughter. It was soon prepared for the reception of the community. A church was added to it, by one of the first architects, and the interior was properly fitted up.

The permission of the Archbishop of Paris was obtained, and the whole community was transferred to this new habitation. A chaplain only was left at Port Royal, to supply the parish-church, and to take care of the house.

Both these monasteries were considered as forming one abbey; but thenceforward, they were distinguished by the appellations of *Port Royal de Paris*, and *Port Royal des Champs*.

The removal of the nuns took place in 1625.

The M. Angelica seeing her reformation so thoroughly effected, began to consider the best mode of giving it solidity and permanence. She at length obtained a royal grant, declaring that the abbess, instead of being appointed for life by the king, should be elected triennially by the nuns. In 1630, the M. Angelica and the M. Agnes resigned their offices, and restored the monastery to a free election. They were, however, very frequently appointed abbesses afterwards.

It has been mentioned, that the M. Angelica had nine brothers and sisters living. Six of her sisters were nuns at Port Royal. Her brothers all filled distinguished posts, in a manner most honourable to their reputation.

Her eldest brother, M. Arnauld d'Andilli, occupied the office of commissary-general to the army. His duties obliged him to an almost continual attendance at court. The great integrity and fidelity for which he was distinguished, procured him universal respect; and his amiable disposition rendered him exceedingly beloved. The queen particularly honored him with the highest esteem. But, above all, he was remarked for his deep piety, so that, whilst yet in his early years, he was venerated even by courtiers as a saint.

Another of her brothers was M. Henry Arnauld, Bishop of Angers. This gentleman was esteemed one of the most pious prelates in France. He was, at an early age, sent as envoy from the court of France, to that of Rome. His talents and piety were so highly esteemed there, that medals were struck in his honor, and a statue was erected to him by the noble house of Barbarini. When he became Bishop of Angers, he was so assiduous in performing his pastoral duties, that he never but once in his life quitted his diocese; and that was, to convert the Prince of Tarentum, and to reconcile him with the Duke of La Trémouille, his father.

The city of Angers, in opposition to all his efforts, revolted in 1652. The Queen mother was advancing, in order to take signal vengeance. The good bishop had been appointed to say mass before the royal army, a few miles from the entrance of the city. The queen, after service, advanced to the altar. "Madam," said he, giving her the consecrated host, "receive your God—your God who, whilst expiring on the cross, pardoned his enemies!" The city was spared. These merciful maxims were not merely on his lips, but resided in his heart. It was said of him, that the infallible claim to the Bishop of Angers' good offices, was to use him ill.

He was truly the father of the poor and the afflicted. His whole time was taken up in prayer, reading, and the affairs of his diocese. A friend fearing that his health might be injured by inces-

sant labor, requested him to set apart one day in every week for rest. "I have no objection," replied M. d'Angers, "provided you fix on one in which I am not bishop."

The other brother of the M. Angelica, was the great Arnauld, Dr. of Sorbonne, who was afterwards so distinguished a champion of Jansenism. He was the last of Madame Arnauld's children, and was twenty years younger than his brother M. d'Andilli. At a very early period he shewed marks of that energy and fire, by which he was subsequently so peculiarly characterized. When only six years old, he was staying with his relation Cardinal Perron. One day, after dinner, he was intently occupying himself with pen and ink and paper, instead of amusing himself with his playfellows. The cardinal asked him what he was about? "Sir," returned the child, "*I am assisting you to refute the Hugonots.*" Afterwards, when he was admitted as a member of the Sorbonne, instead of the oath ordinarily tendered, he, with great energy, swore not only to abide by the doctrines of the church, but to defend them to the last drop of his blood.

Whilst at Maubuisson, the M. Angelica had been introduced to the venerable St. Francis de Sales, and by his means to the Baroness de Chantal. With both of them she formed a close friendship. She introduced them both likewise to all the members of her own family.

This acquaintance wrought a wonderful change in every individual belonging to it. The family

of the Arnaulds were not only ancient, noble, and affluent, but they had been noted during many successive generations for the great superiority of their talents. They now began to be as much celebrated for exalted piety, as for the lustre of their intellectual endowments. St. Francis went to his eternal reward when the youngest Arnauld was but a child. Nevertheless, the piety which his instructions had first implanted, progressively increased throughout the whole family.

Such was the state of the Arnauld family when M. de St. Cyran was first introduced to it. His acquaintance began with M. Arnauld d'Andilli.

M. de St. Cyran had just parted with his valued friend Jansenius. M. d'Andilly had lost a most revered spiritual guide in the blessed St. Francis. Under these circumstances, a close friendship was soon cemented between them.

When M. Angelica came to reside at Port Royal de Paris, the acquaintance was consequently extended, in some measure, to her. She heard much of M. de St. Cyran from her brother. In the course of ten years he also called three or four times. Not, however, being connected by any tie of duty, their acquaintance did not appear likely to make any farther progress.

About the year 1625, the M. Angelica was desired to assist the bishop of Langres in organizing a new institution he had lately founded in honor of the Eucharist. M. de Langres at that period entertained a high esteem for M. de St.

Cyran. On being sent for out of Paris, he therefore appointed him as director of his new institution.

By this means originated that friendship which ever after so closely united M. de St. Cyran to Port Royal.

In M. de St. Cyran the M. Angelica seemed again to behold the blessed St. Francis de Sales. Till then she had mourned his loss as irreparable. She now, for the first time, met with one whose growth in piety was equally extraordinary. Nor could she avoid observing, that to the eminent holiness which distinguished St. Francis, M. de St. Cyran added a strength of mental powers, a luminous intellect, and an energy of character, peculiarly his own. In these respects M. de St. Cyran and the M. Angelica were especially congenial. The Abbess soon observed, that whilst both these great men seemed to possess a piety equally fervent, that of the latter seemed far the most enlightened.

The effects which these excellent men produced on the Arnauld family, were exactly those which might have been expected, from the difference of their characters.

From their intimacy with St. Francis, they had rather received deep religious impressions, than acquired clear religious views. Many years had elapsed since his death, and at the time of their acquaintance, the younger part of this numerous family were quite children. Hence they had been since rather distinguished for warm devotional feel-

ings, a respect for piety, and a horror of immorality, than for that distinct light, which enabled them at once to enter upon a religious course of life and steadily to pursue it.

Their intimacy with M. de St. Cyran, exactly supplied that which had before been wanting. He became the means, not only of awakening, but of enlightening their consciences. He clearly pointed out to them the grand essentials of Christian doctrine. From these emanated a clear light, which distinctly shewed the path of Christian practice. The pious impressions of this excellent family had lived unquenched, amidst the evil contagion of the world. What might not now be expected, when placed under the immediate influence of two such powerful characters as the M. Angelica, and the Abbé de St. Cyran?

One of the M. Angelica's nephews, M. le Maitre, had, at a very early age, obtained a very high reputation for eloquence. He was esteemed at five-and-twenty, the first advocate of the age. All France thronged to hear him plead.

His brother, M. de Sericourt, had obtained much military reputation. They were scarcely thirty, when they suddenly quitted the world, and withdrew into the most profound retirement. Here they mourned with the most unfeigned sorrow over their past sins, and spent their whole time in devotion, and in acts of charity. M. Claude Lancelot, and many other young men, who were intimate with M. de St. Cyran, be-

came influenced in the same manner and joined their party.

At the end of a few months they found their house at Paris too small to accommodate their numbers. They determined to go to Port Royal des Champs; and take possession of the monastery the nuns had abandoned about fifteen years before.

This occurred in 1638.

At Port Royal des Champs they found every thing bearing marks of the most complete desolation. The lakes, for want of draining, were converted into noxious marshes, overgrown with reeds and other aquatic plants; they continually exhaled the most pestilential vapors. The grounds were in many parts completely overflowed. The gardens were not only overgrown with weeds and brushwood; but the very walks were infested by venomous serpents. The house was in a completely dilapidated and ruinous condition. Great part of it indeed had fallen down.

The hermits were not, however, to be deterred by trivial inconveniences. Many of them were young men of the first families in France, yet they did not disdain to labor with their own hands. The little company joyfully set to work, and the aspect of the valley was soon transformed. The surface of the swampy morass soon exhibited a clear lake, whose waters reflected the hills around, crowned with thick forests of oak. The tangled brush-wood which choked up the avenues to the

house was felled. The spacious gardens blossomed as the rose; and the walls of Port Royal arose from the ground, amidst hymns of prayer and shouts of praise.

New associates were continually quitting the world and joining themselves to this little band. After a short period it became a numerous and flourishing society. Regular plans, and an orderly distribution of employments were soon found necessary to the well being of the whole.

The recluses of Port Royal, unlike religious orders, were not bound by any vows. Each, nevertheless, sought to imitate his Lord, and follow his steps, by a life of voluntary poverty, penance, and self-denial. They assumed the dress of no particular order; yet, they were easily distinguished by their coarse and plain, but clean clothing. Their time was divided between their devotions to God, and their services to men. They all met together several times, both in the day and night, in the church. Twice each day also, the whole company attended the refectory. Some hours were occupied by each in their own cells, in meditation, reading the Scriptures, and private prayer. The remainder of their time was taken up in labors of love for their fellow-creatures. Yet, in these was the greatest regularity observed. They did not attempt to do each what was right in his own eyes; but each filled up that occupation for which it was judged his talents were best fitted. Every one of these recluses were un-

der the direction of M. de St. Cyran. Though he was all this time immured in the dungeon of Vincennes, he maintained a constant correspondence with his friend, M. Singlin. This ecclesiastic, under his immediate direction, guided both the houses of Port Royal. By this means, M. de St. Cyran was acquainted with the character of every individual in each of the houses. Every one of the recluses at Port Royal des Champes, as well as every nun in Port Royal de Paris, was placed in the exact office for which he or she was best qualified. Nor did their unfeigned humility ever permit them to murmur, at any appointment, however low. Each one rather esteemed it an honor to be employed in any way for his Lord.

The acts of mercy which occupied the recluses, were divided into two departments, the internal concerns, which related to their own community, and the external ones, which regarded the public at large; again, some of their occupations demanded intellectual, whilst others only required bodily labor. Such, however, was the mercy of God, that persons were abundantly supplied, suited to every necessity; and so great was the humility of the recluses, that each, with thankfulness, accepted his own post. None considered the place his birth entitled him to, so much as in what mode he might best serve his brethren.

Hence some were employed in manual labor, some in assisting the poor, and others in study. They cultivated the farms and gardens; they re-

paired the house and supplied every article of clothing amongst themselves. There were carpenters, ploughmen, farmers, gardeners, glaziers, shoemakers, and vine-dressers, whose accurate workmanship appeared, as though they had never practised any thing else; yet the recollection and devotion visible in their countenances marked them as saints, and their manners betrayed them as natives of a court. Others contributed their talents to the good of the public. Several studied physic and surgery. Others became acquainted with the law, in order to reconcile differences amongst their poorer neighbours. Four of the recluses who practised as physicians were solely occupied in visiting the poor. Two of them became the most eminent practitioners of their age. Some supplied the pulpit, and ministered to the spiritual wants of their brethren. Considerable numbers were devoted to supply both the temporal and spiritual necessities of the peasantry around. Some carried them food; others nursed them and watched them even in the most infectious complaints. Many bestowed their care entirely on the education of children. Distinct establishments were formed for the poor and the rich.

Meantime the fame of Port Royal became more widely diffused. Many noblemen and gentlemen of fortune entreated the pious and learned recluses to undertake the education of their children. Several persons of property, influenced by religious motives, gave up their parks and houses to be ap-

propriated to school-houses and play-grounds. By this means the Port Royal schools were furnished with every possible accommodation. Many of these little establishments were soon formed in various places. One was situated at Chênet, another at des Troux, a third was at Paris, and two of them at Port Royal. These little academies were organized by men of the first piety and learning. Persons of the most eminent abilities devoted themselves to the children's instruction. M. de Saci, Claude Lancelot, Nicole and Fontaine were amongst the number of the preceptors. It were extraordinary had not the pupils of such masters been eminently distinguished. The plan of Tillemont's immense and laborious works was traced out and arranged at the early age of nineteen, whilst he was yet at the school of Chênet. Some of the finest verses in Racine's tragedies were meditated whilst a boy at school in the woods of Port Royal. Others of the recluses occupied themselves in study. They composed works which not only enlightened their own age, but to which ours is deeply indebted. Some of the best translations of the fathers, and the most edifying accounts of the saints, issued from the solitudes of Port Royal. The controversial and theological works of Arnauld, the thoughts and letters of Pascal, the moral essays of Nicole, the deeply spiritual letters of Saci, were all composed in this seclusion. These works gained the esteem of the religious, whilst the grammars they had drawn up for the schools obtained,

and still maintain the universal suffrage of the learned.

In a short time the recluses of Port Royal became an universal theme of discourse and admiration.

In the mean while the nuns at Port Royal de Paris, had again greatly extended their numbers. They now exceeded 180. It became necessary again to divide them. It was resolved to station a detachment of the community at their old habitation of Port Royal des Champs. The rest it was determined should remain at Paris.

The news of the nuns' intended return was soon spread at Port Royal. The whole neighbourhood evinced the greatest joy. It was delightful again to see them after twenty-five years' absence.

The recluses used every exertion to prepare the house and gardens. They put them in the best order for their friends. Their own books and furniture were soon packed up. On the morning of the very day the nuns were expected, they removed from the monastery. They took possession of a farm-house belonging to it, which was situated on the top of the hill.

The M. Angelica was at that time abbess by election. She came herself to establish the nuns in their former habitation. On the day she was expected all the poor flocked to the monastery in their best clothes. As soon as the long file of carriages appeared through the woods on the top of the hill, they all went to meet her. The bells were

immediately rung; shouts of joy and exclamations of pleasure resounded on all sides. The procession stopped, then the poor with tears implored their good mother's benediction. She tenderly embraced them. At the church door she was met by all the recluses. They led the nuns into the choir, and after service left them in possession of the monastery. The recluses retired to their new habitation of Les Granges.

The institution of Port Royal was now in a flourishing condition.

The nuns and recluses never indeed saw each other but at church; even there a grate separated them; nor had they any intercourse, though so nearly related, but by letter. Nevertheless both the communities might be considered as forming one body. Both were under the same spiritual direction. Each was animated by one and the same spirit.

The recluses continued all their former occupations; they conducted the farms and gardens, and performed every other laborious office. The nuns superintended girls' schools, educated young women, fed and clothed the poor, instructed their own sex, and nursed the sick. These two societies (which together contained eighteen of the Arnauld family) were yet more closely united by grace than by ties of blood. They were perfectly joined together in one heart and mind, all saying the same thing, and all having the same views of love to God and love to man.

Both the societies maintained a constant correspondence with M. de St. Cyran. The spiritual instructions they derived from him, formed the basis of the advice they themselves gave to a numerous circle of religious persons who had continual recourse to them. Thus, even during his confinement at Vincennes, M. de St. Cyran was the means of diffusing an enlightened piety over all France.

The time was now at hand when the generosity and charity of these recluses, became as publicly known as the spirituality of their writings.

Cardinal Richelieu died in 1642. The death of Louis the XIIIth almost immediately succeeded to that of his minister. Louis the XIVth came to the throne in 1643. He was not quite five years old. His mother, Anne of Austria, was appointed sole regent. She nominated the Cardinal Mazarin prime minister. This choice was equally odious to the nobility and to the people. The latter found themselves oppressed by grievous taxes; the former beheld with indignation so large a share of power invested in a foreigner. A strong party was formed against him by the Duke de Beaufort, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld and Cardinal de Retz. This powerful faction was headed by the Duchesse of Longueville, sister to the great Condé. This lady was equally celebrated for beauty, accomplishments, and above all for political intrigue. She soon gained over her husband, and her brother, the Prince of Conti. They exerted every endeavor, and used every

means to render the royal party odious in the sight of the people. At length they succeeded in raising a revolt. The Queen, with the Prince and minister, were compelled to flee from Paris. Troops were raised on both sides. Madame de Longueville now assumed the authority of a queen. She concerted means of placing the capital in a situation to stand a regular siege. This intrepid and enterprising Princess was not in the least dismayed when she beheld the royal troops advance, and the capital in which she commanded, blockaded on every side. Her brother, the great Prince of Condé, continued faithful to his allegiance. He led on the attack. The Princess of Longueville, neither mollified by the ties of blood, nor daunted by his military fame, as resolutely maintained the defence. Her spirit of intrigue furnished resources against every exigency. At the solicitation of the rebels, Spain lent her assistance. The Archduke, governor of the low countries, was ready to pour into France 15,000 men. Gained by the united influence of the wit and beauty of Madame de Longueville, the great Turenne abandoned his duty. He took the field against his sovereign, and turned his arms against his native country. France was plunged into the horrors of a civil war. Violence, rapine and desolation spread over the whole country. Famine began to make its appearance. Misery and iniquity pervaded the land; but above all, in the neighbourhood of the besieged capital the sufferings were extreme.

Nor did religious houses escape the horrible ravages of a desolating war. Many of these seclusions were levelled to the ground. The abbey of St. Cyran was ransacked; and Port Royal itself threatened with a similar visitation. In this emergency their friends advised them immediately to send the nuns to Paris, and themselves to take possession of the monastery, and to strengthen it by those fortifications, and to assume themselves that military garb, which might, under present circumstances, prove the most effectual mode of preventing an attack.

On this occasion one of the recluses writes as follows: " The day of St. Mark was chosen for the translation of the community. Though so many years have passed away, I seem still to see the long procession of carriages driving from the door, and forming a long line down the avenue. I still remember the peace, silence, and good order, which marked this trying hour; and seem yet to see the reverend mother, Angelica, presiding every where, and superintending the most minute details, yet with that expression of uninterrupted peace and love which marked that even whilst she was diligent in business, she was yet more fervent in spirit.

" Scarcely had we watched the last carriage down the avenue with fervent prayers for their preservation, than we immediately took possession of the abandoned monastery, and after removing into it all our furniture, we began to examine how

far it would be possible to fortify it so as to render its walls impervious to attack.

" It was resolved to strengthen the walls, and to build a variety of small towers along them at intervals, which should serve as strong holds. Accordingly we all set to work, and in a very few days the whole aspect of the place was changed. Some were occupied in digging the foundations, others were busied in hewing stone, or in handling the trowel. From a solitude of prayer and meditation, Port Royal seemed suddenly transformed into a scene of hurry and activity. Her forests echoed to the harsh grating of the saw, or reverberated the reiterated stroke of the woodman's axe. Nevertheless, though the occupation was changed, the same spirit still pervaded every heart. Amidst the dispatch of business, a heart watching to prayer was written on every countenance. Surrounded externally by the horrid alarms of war, an internal peace reigned in the soul, and whilst the hands were diligent in earthly concerns, the frequently uplifted eye shewed that the conversation of every heart was indeed in heaven. And at the intervals of each stroke of the axe, the ear caught the songs of praise, with which the recluses beguiled their hours of labor. Often as I looked around, and as I contemplated my companions laboring in the midst of the forests which enclosed our seclusion, it brought to my mind the times of Esdras, where the people of God built the walls of Jerusalem with the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other.

"In the mean time, however, the danger became more pressing, and even before the walls were completed, the peaceful inhabitants of our seclusion, were sheathed in military armor. Instead of monastic solitude, Port Royal now exhibited three hundred warriors armed cap-a-pee. Spears and helmets glittered amidst the dark recesses of her forests, and the din of arms was heard for the first time, in a retreat so eminently consecrated to prayer. Yet was not the character of its inhabitants changed. The same devotion reigned in their hearts, and though the occupation of their working hours was altered, those devoted to exercises of religion or of charity were never infringed on.

"Yet I must own, that the striking contrast between the genuine occupations of the disciples of the Prince of Peace, and our present life, was painful. Scarcely had the pealing anthem ceased, when the harsh blast of the trumpet called us to assemble in arms. The forest which had never echoed but to orisons or hymns of praise, was now disturbed by the clash of arms and the trampling of horses' hoofs. The wood-pigeons, hares, squirrels, and other tribes of little animals, which were almost tame from the undisturbed peace in which they lived, now started with fear at volleys of musquetry. I remember feeling particular pain, when, instead of closing our day with prayer, the deep thunders of the evening-gun re-echoed from the distant mountains, and as its blue smoke dissipated itself over the dark

and shagged forests, the awful grandeur of the scene, and perhaps some other secret emotion, used to fill my soul with deep melancholy. O! blessed time, my heart said, when our strength was alone in the arm of the Lord, and when without trusting to an arm of flesh, we securely rested under his shadow!

"Yet surely arms were never wielded by hands more pure. Whilst their armor proudly glittered to the sun, the gold and silver with which they were adorned, concealed the hair-cloth and the penitential shirt beneath; and the plumes which towered over their martial fronts, hid the tear of compunction which flowed down their cheeks. Whilst the two-edged falchion glittered from their side, the hands that wielded it were solely occupied in pouring balm into the wounds of their afflicted countrymen. The voices which called to arms, were chiefly occupied in pouring forth the prayer of faith, or the thanksgivings of divine love, by the beds of the dying; and the gaily caparisoned horses that seemed so eager for the field, were solely used in carrying food and raiment to the distressed. It was an awful sight to see in the midst of these uncultured solitudes this little troop at the moment the bell rung for prayer. In one instant every helmet was cast upon the ground, and with their heads uncovered, and their faces prostrate in the dust, a thousand hands cased in steel, were lifted in suppliant adoration. Thus under the external garb of war, these excellent men still served the Prince

of Peace; and whilst their hands seemed rough like those of Esau, their hearts and voice still remained those of Jacob. Yet I confess I deplored the fatal necessity by which the servants of God assumed even the appearance of evil, and often as we buckled on our arms, we could not restrain our tears and prayers to God, that he might be pleased to do away this direful necessity.

"Meanwhile our venerable minister, M. de Saci, had not been consulted on the steps which had been taken. He said but little, nevertheless it was obvious that his heart mourned over us. However, he contented himself with being more than usual in retirement, and pouring out his heart in secret before God. Tranquil and recollected in the midst of alarms, his very aspect said to our hearts, that he trusted not in an arm of flesh, but in the power of the living God. And in the midst of three hundred armed men, M. de Saci, unarmed, seemed a stronger defence to them than their united force, if exerted, would have been to Port Royal.

"M. de Saci united in an eminent degree prudence with faithfulness. His deep knowledge of the human heart, led him to see the danger of a departure, even in appearance, from the ways of God. Yet he still waited for the proper moment to speak, the moment at which their own experience should begin to corroborate the force of his words.

"Then, and not till then, he spoke. 'My dear friends,' would he say, 'examine yourselves; I

will not say prove your ownselves, whether ye be still in the faith, but try whether you increase with the same increase as formerly, in the love and knowledge of God. The enemy of our souls, who is always going about seeking whom he may devour, is peculiarly active in these times of external disorder and danger, when the soul is in an especial manner likely to be thrown off its guard. Now do you find, that whilst you practise your exercises of earthly warfare, that your heart is solely engaged in spiritual combats? Whilst you wield the arms of man, does your heart as fully and as singly as formerly depend on God alone for help? Now your minds are busy in contriving so many schemes of defence, are your hearts as completely resigned as formerly to whatever event it may please God to send? My dear friends, if we would obviate the effects of public disturbances, should we not do well to apply the remedy to their primary cause. Now surely the primary cause of public judgments can be no other than public sins. Whilst then we are endeavoring by force of arms to extirpate the branches, the baneful root still remains. O! my dear brethren, should we not be much more effectually serving our country by spreading the knowledge and love of the gospel, than by aiming at the defence of any particular spot, however consecrated? Amongst the multitudes who have taken up arms in this unhappy contest, how has the country been benefited? Believe me, we should be doing a greater service

to our country by setting an example of humbling ourselves before God, of confessing our sins, of walking in his precepts, of being resigned to his will, of trusting to his love, and therefore remaining at peace amidst all the horrors and alarms of war. Civil war is one of the most dreadful judgments of God upon a guilty land. How is it possible that your minds should be taken up with temporal interests, when you ought to be solely occupied in seeking a restoration to the divine favor? And how can it be, that in the midst of so awful a judgment, *that* should only furnish you with amusement, which ought to be the cause of the deepest humiliation? I know, indeed, my brethren, what human laws allow in such cases, nay what the great law of nature, the desire of self-preservation, universally recognizes. But, my dear friends, we are in a peculiar manner, under divine and not human laws, we are under obedience, not to nature, but to grace. Remember, my dear brethren, the day you each consecrated yourselves to God. If you did not then resolve to follow the Captain of your salvation who was made perfect through sufferings, and if you did not intend to have fellowship with him in those sufferings, even to death, you are not worthy of him. O! my brethren, how little did I expect when I received your vows, to behold these very altars where you pronounced them venerable by their antiquity, and by the successive generations of saints who have for cen-

turies surrounded them, imbrued and defiled, for so they are, even by the mere semblance of blood and carnage. The horrors of war are ever dreadful to the Christian mind; but surely *this* is as that abomination of desolation spoken of by the prophet Daniel, when that which is unclean, shall even defile the holy places and the temple of the Most High.'

"Such were the sentiments of our reverend pastor. Nor did his children need to have them twice repeated. Though the judgment had erred, the heart had remained pure. Arms were banished Port Royal. The nuns returned to their monastery. We resumed our former occupations, and Port Royal became as heretofore an house solely dedicated to prayer and praise."

Meanwhile the horrors of war raged all around with redoubled fury. Pillage and assassinations desolated the country on every hand. Incendiaries and marauding parties laid waste the produce of the land, and famine and pestilence depopulated the cities.

In this hour of exigency, the inhabitants of Port Royal proved the guardian angels of the land. This hospitable seclusion became an asylum to the distressed. Their whole attention was turned to assist their unhappy country. Several hundred persons were every day supplied with food from this monastery. Multitudes of sick and wounded were attended by the recluses. They visited every

part of the district, to relieve the wants of the inhabitants, and to preach peace and concord. Their houses were crowded with persons who sought an asylum from the tempest. Many of their most bitter enemies were entertained at Port Royal during all the time of the siege. The whole of the monastic enclosure was crowded with the effects which their poor neighbours brought there as to a place of safety. The Rev. Abbess Angelica writes in the following terms to one of her friends: "We are all occupied in contriving soups and pottage for the poor. This is, indeed, an awful time. Our gentlemen, as they were taking their rounds yesterday, found two poor persons starved to death; and met with a young woman on the very point of killing her child, because she had no food for it. All is pillaged around; corn-fields are trampled over by the cavalry, in presence of the starving owners; despair has seized all whose confidence is not in God; nobody will any longer plough or dig; there are no horses, indeed, left for the former, nor if there were, is any person certain of reaping what he sows; all is stolen.

"Perhaps I shall not be able to send you a letter to-morrow, for all our horses and asses are dead with hunger. O how little do princes know the detailed horrors of war! All the provender of the beasts we were obliged to divide between ourselves and the starving poor. We concealed as many of the peasants and of their cattle as we could in our monastery, to save them from being murdered, and

losing all their substance. Our dormitory and the chapter-house were full of horses. We were almost stifled, by being pent up with these beasts. But we could not resist the piercing lamentations of the starving and heart-broken poor. In the cellar were concealed forty cows. Our court-yards and out-houses are stuffed full of fowls, turkeys, ducks, geese, and asses. The church is piled up to the ceiling with corn, oats, beans, and pease; and with caldrons, kettles, and other things belonging to the cottagers. Every time we enter the chapel, we are obliged to scramble over sacks of flour, and all sorts of rubbish. The floor of the choir is completely covered with the libraries of our gentlemen. Thirty or forty nuns from other convents have fled here too for refuge. Our laundry is thronged by the aged, the blind, the maimed, the halt, and infants. The infirmary is full of sick and wounded. We have torn up all our rags and linen clothes to dress their sores. We have no more, and are now at our wits' ends. The cold is excessive, and all our fire-wood is consumed. We dare not go into the woods for any more, as they are full of marauding parties. We hear that the Abbey of St. Cyran has been burnt and pillaged. Our own is threatened with an attack every day. The cold weather alone preserves us from pestilence. We are so closely crowded, that deaths happen continually; God, however, is with us, and we are in peace."

Such is war! How impossible does it appear

that any christian should be engaged in it! How wonderful that the perpetrators of such horrors, should be so deluded, as to imagine themselves amongst the children of the God of love!

Port Royal continued to be distinguished for its charity during the whole period of the war.

A society, such as Port Royal, could not be long without experiencing the truth of their divine Master's declaration, that all who will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution. In all ages, as in that of the primitive church, the introduction of the gospel is like bringing a sword on earth, dividing between the good and the bad.

At the first institution of the reform at Port Royal, the M. Angelica had experienced some degree of opposition. Whilst the excellent of her order availed themselves of so bright an example, those who remained unconverted from the error of their ways, counted her life madness, and her undertaking to be without hope.

The recluses had not escaped a share of the same aspersions.

M. le Maitre's conversion took place in 1638, just before the imprisonment of M. de St. Cyran, and the death of Jansenius. They shared in a measure the persecution of their friends. Two months after the recluses first arrived at Port Royal, they had been compelled to flee from the researches of Cardinal Richelieu. They escaped to La Férté Milon—there they lived concealed for some

months. After the storm was blown over, they again returned to Port Royal.

These pages are rather intended as a compendious explanation of the nature of the institution of Port Royal, than as an history of the persecutions, by which it was at length destroyed.

It may suffice briefly to observe, that many causes conspired to render the Jesuits inimical to this institution. These causes may, perhaps, be referred to three general heads: their enmity to M. de St. Cyran, the grounds of which are elsewhere related; their jealousy of the growing celebrity of a society which already eclipsed their own in literary fame —a society which already outshone them in academical institutions, and which threatened to do so in spiritual direction. Thirdly, they were actuated by a determined animosity against the family of Arnauld, the motives of which were as follows:

The grandfather of the M. Angelica had been the most eminent advocate of his day. He was employed by the university of Paris in an important cause against the Jesuits. He gained his suit. Besides this, a more recent cause of offence took place.

The strict morality and ascetic habits of the Jansenists, had been long interpreted as a silent reflection on the lax principles of the casuists. A publication of Dr. Arnauld's aggravated their displeasure. He published a work on frequent communion, deploring the levity with which too many persons approach that sacred mystery. He spoke

of the necessity of producing genuine fruits of repentance, before the seed of a living faith can be implanted. He urged the necessity of a real cessation from sin, and an heart-felt desire to relinquish evil, previous to absolution. He concluded by observing, that no repentance could be termed evangelical, whilst it arose solely from a fear of punishment, unmixed with a true love of God. The whole work was supported by ample quotations from the Scriptures, and the fathers of the church.

This book created considerable alarm amongst the Jesuits. The chief object of their society was, to obtain unlimited power by a very extensive spiritual direction. They especially coveted to guide the consciences of men in power. In this aim, their success was proportioned to their assiduity. There were very few princes on the throne, nobles in the realm, dignitaries in the church, or religious houses belonging to any order, which were not either directly or remotely under their influence. Amidst so considerable a multitude of the great and powerful, there were many who, whilst they wished not to lose heaven, were yet resolved to continue in sin. Their ghostly fathers were hence reduced to the alternative, either of wholly breaking with them, or of finding out some accommodating system of morality, by which they might at once retain their influence, and yet in a measure save appearances, as it respected their own spiritual reputation. To this end they had framed their celebrated system of casuistic morality.

A work could not then be acceptable, the very object of which was to tear away every refuge of lies. Should M. Arnauld succeed in establishing the doctrine of penitence, they could only have a choice of two evils. Either their reputation for piety would sink for not requiring them. Then their direction would not be sought. Or else, if they did exact rigorous penance, they well knew that the bulk of their flock would instantly quit them for milder pastors.

In this difficulty, nothing remained but to brand M. Arnauld and his work with heresy. The extensive direction of the Jesuits gave them a very wide influence, especially over the consciences of the great. It began to be every where rumored, and especially at court, that a new heresy was sprung up. That unless Port Royal was extirpated, the most heavy judgments, and the most signal strokes of divine vengeance, would speedily overwhelm the land. The Sorbonne, and all the Gallican clergy, were appealed to by the Jesuits. Rome itself was applied to, respecting M. Arnauld's work.

Our Lord has declared, that the world will love its own. A decision was accordingly given, such as might have been expected. The Jansenists were condemned.

In February 1656, the Jesuits obtained in the Sorbonne, a censure of Father Cornet's five propositions. These celebrated propositions, it may be remembered, had been artfully framed by the Je-

suits, and were pretended to be extracted from the Augustinus of Jansenius. They were not, however, contented by the empty honors of a triumph. They resolved to reap some substantial fruit of their victory. The Jesuits had long termed the little schools of Port Royal, the seminaries of Jansenism, and hot-bed of heresy. They now obtained an order from government to abolish them. The officers of the police, accompanied by a troop of *archers* were sent to Port Royal des Champs, where they made a list of the schools. They then proceeded to each, and immediately turned out all the masters and scholars, and sent all the recluses away from Port Royal des Champs on pain of imprisonment.

Immediately after, an order of council was signed against the nuns. It was resolved, that every scholar, postulant, and novice, should be turned out of both the houses of Port Royal. This decree had been given: it was on the point of being carried into execution, when, by a most extraordinary circumstance, a stop was put to the whole persecution. The bare mention that this incident *did* occur, cannot be omitted, because it forms an important epocha in the history of the institution. It arrested the arm of the secular power; it disarmed the vengeance of a powerful and despotic monarch; it stayed the thunders of the Vatican; and it turned the tide of opinion of a whole nation. The particulars are too long to be here inserted. The reader is referred to the five following accounts: Histoire

du miracle de la sainte Epine, voyez le 3eme vol. des Memoires de Fontaine. Notes de Nicole au 4me vol. des Lettres Provinciales. Racine histoire abregée de Port Royal. Choiseul memoires sur la Religion. Attestations des Grands vicaires de Paris sur le miracle de la Sainte Epine. It will be sufficient in these pages, to say, that such a circumstance took place at Port Royal des Champs. A circumstance so numerously attested by eye-witnesses of the most unsuspected piety, and most distinguished intelligence, that no person who admits the possibility of miraculous interpositions, can doubt it. On the other hand, it is so extraordinary, and so opposite to the operations of nature, that no one who disbelieves in occasional supernatural interpositions, can possibly admit it.

The circumstance alluded to was a miraculous cure said to be operated on the niece of the great Pascal. This event was the cause of his conversion. He wore, ever after, a seal, the device of which was a crown of thorns, from which emanated rays of light. Underneath was this motto: "I know in whom I have believed. *Scio cui credidi.*"

Whatever opinion may be entertained, as to the mode by which this cure was wrought, one thing is certain. An attestation of the fact was obtained from the very officers who had received the orders for persecution. The first surgeons in Paris were examined upon oath. Port Royal was thronged for many weeks by persons who went to ascertain the truth of their deposition. The consequence was,

that Port Royal was freed from any further persecution. The storm was hushed for a season; the recluses gradually returned; and the valley of Port Royal des Champs flourished as before.

Though deprived of its schools, this solitude extended its usefulness, if possible, more than ever. Its fame had been increased by persecution, and its piety was venerated from the patience with which that persecution had been endured. Numbers came to visit Port Royal from religious motives. Many, whose duties still retained them in the world, yet wished to profit by the pious example of this society. They came to retire there for a season, conforming to the rules of the institution whilst they stayed, and keeping up a constant correspondence with its members when they were absent. Multitudes of persons of this description placed themselves under the direction of Port Royal. Conversions without number were daily made. The Queen of Poland, the Princesse Guimenée, the Dukes and Duchesses of Luynes, Liancourt, and Ponchâteau, the Marquisses of Sevigné and Sablé, were but a very small portion of the multitudes who annually retired there, and who edified the world by an upright and godly conversation. There were at this time two hundred and fifty stated inhabitants of Port Royal des Champs, including both the nuns and recluses. The numbers of those who were under their direction, and who occasionally retired there, amounted to several hundreds.

At this period, a conversion took place which

astonished France. It ought to have convinced their enemies of the real piety of the Jansenists. It would no doubt have done so, had they attended to our Lord's rule, to judge of the tree by its fruits.

Madame de Longueville, that haughty princess, whose beauty, whose wit, and whose talents, had hitherto been made subservient to the most boundless ambition; that same person, who plunged her country into the horrors of a civil war, to gratify her own disappointed pride; that heroine, who had so long withstood the great Condé, Madame de Longueville became suddenly an altered character. She visited Port Royal. Her schemes of dominion were renounced; the haughty intrepidity of her manner disappeared; her restless and perturbed spirit became calm and peaceful. She suddenly became distinguished for piety, humility, and the love of retirement. She brought with her the Prince and Princess of Conti, her brother and sister, and introduced them at Port Royal. The same change was soon perceptible in them. They deplored, with bitter tears, the widely extended evils their ambition had occasioned. The immense revenues they had expended, in maintaining a degree of state more than royal, was now wholly devoted to charity. Their houses, retinue, and equipage, became marked with strict economy. Their princely revenues were poured, with ample munificence, into the bosom of those whose fortunes had been injured by the civil war. They did not refuse to make the most humiliating and public ac-

knowledgments of their guilt. Nor did they ever afterwards spend more than was absolutely needful on themselves; till, after a lapse of many years, all the provinces injured by the war, had been fully indemnified by their princely donations.

So splendid an example of the principles instilled at Port Royal, ought to have disarmed the malice of its enemies, and silenced their clamors. It had, however, precisely the contrary effect. It only fomented their envy, and strengthened their resolution to conspire its utter ruin.

In 1660, a second formulary was obtained by the Jesuits, an account of which has been given in the article Jansenius. It was framed by the Archbishop of Thoulouse. Not only all the clergy, but all schoolmasters, and all the members of religious houses, even nuns were required to give their signatures. Four of the bishops refused their approbation, viz. the bishops of Alêt, Pamiers, Angers, and Beauvais. The Jansenists too, unanimously refused their subscription. The recluses alleged the celebrated distinction between the duty of submission in matters of faith, and matters of fact. The nuns declared, that the work of Jansenius being in Latin, it was impossible they could decide on oath, upon the contents of a book they could not even read. It might have been reasonably supposed, that this excuse would have been sufficient. It proved, however, the signal of immediate persecution.

The novices and scholars were directly expelled

from Port Royal des Champs, and the directors and confessors banished. The lieutenant of the police, with a troop of horse, was sent to visit both houses. M. Singlin, M. Arnauld, M. de St. Marthe, and M. Saci, were obliged to flee for the preservation of their lives.

At this period, the M. Angelica, exhausted by a persecution of twenty-five years, was on her death-bed. Yet, whilst her body yielded to the stroke, the strength of her mind remained unshaken. She leaned on God by a firm faith. She found him to be an immutable support. When the novices were expelled, the Duchess de Chévreûse, came to take away Mes.lles de Luynes, her sisters-in-law. She could not help complimenting the M. Angelica on her fortitude. "Madam," replied the dying saint, "whilst there is a God in heaven, I must trust in him." A reply truly worthy the sister of the great Arnauld. It is, indeed, very similar to one he many years afterwards made Nicole. They had been hunted from place to place, on account of their religious publications. Arnauld wishing Nicole to assist him in a new work, the latter observed, "We are now old, when do you intend to rest?"—"Rest!" returned Arnauld, "why, have we not all eternity to rest in?"

At the time when the M. Angelica's death was hourly expected, the lieutenant of the police was sent into the house with an armed guard. He brought a company of men, who were directed to wall up every door of access to the convent. One

only was excepted, and at that four sentries were placed on guard. The nuns who surrounded the dying Abbess, wept bitterly. They saw their honored Mother bereft of every human comfort, both spiritual and temporal, in her last moments. "My daughters," said she, "I never placed any man in the room of God: blessed be his goodness, I have not now man, but God himself, to uphold me. His mercies never fail to those who believe in his name."

The nuns were every moment entering the room with tidings of aggravated calamities and violence. They spoke to each other in a whisper, supposing the dying Abbess did not hear. She, however, suddenly said, "My dear sisters, when I consider the dignity of such an affliction, I tremble. How unworthy are we of the honor of suffering for our Lord and for his truth! I am abased to the dust in thinking of it!"

Mother Angelica died on the 6th of August, 1661, aged seventy. Her corpse was exposed according to custom, at the grate which divided the chapel from the nuns' choir. The news of her death was soon spread over Paris. The common people, who revered her as a saint, filled the church, and came in crowds to look at her. For a whole day and night, two nuns were continually employed in distributing through the grate, little remembrances of her to the multitude without, who were all bathed in tears.

At the time of M. Angelica's death, M. Singlin

Saci and M. Fontaine were seized, and put in the Bastile. Their arrest was accompanied with many circumstances of unnecessary cruelty. During their stay in the Bastile, they were continually threatened with poison. How often may the just retribution of God be traced even in this life! The officer, who thus exceeded his commission, in unmercifully persecuting the servants of his Lord, himself died a death of torture, two months after, by the hand of his own child. This officer was M. Aubray, father to the famous, or rather infamous, poisoner, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers.

This persecution of the Port Royalists continued for some years.

Meanwhile, that part of their friends, whom I have described as only occasionally retiring to Port Royal, escaped the extremity of the tempest. They were, indeed, marked as Jansenists in the public eye, but their high rank exempted them from violence, and their eminent virtue and integrity in discharging the most important trusts, compelled universal respect and esteem. M. de Pomponne, son to M. d'Andilli, and brother to the Abbess of Port Royal, was minister of state. M. H. Arnauld was Bishop of Angers; the Duke of Liancourt was Governor of Normandy. Whole provinces were reaping the fruits of the munificence of the Duke and Duchesse of Longueville, and the Prince and Princesse of Conti. However bigoted men might be, they were too clear sighted to employ persecution against those with whose exaltation their own

interests was so immediately interwoven. Hence these, and many other personages of equal merit, still possessed considerable influence.

These excellent persons still entertained the most warm affection and the most profound veneration for the saints, whose piety had been instrumental in their conversion. They only waited a favorable opportunity to shew the firmness of their attachment, by effectually serving them.

As soon as the first fury of the storm had a little spent itself, they consulted together. They resolved to unite their strength, and to exert the whole weight of their influence to serve their friends. Madame de Longueville took upon herself to be the ostensible head of this party. All deliberations were carried on at the hôtel Longueville. Under her protection, the Archbishop of Sens, the Bishop of Châlons, with Arnauld and Nicole, drew up a plan of pacification. They proposed, that on their part, the signature of the formulary should be conceded, on condition that on the Pope's, an explanation should be accepted. This explanation contained a full submission in matters of faith, and promised, as before, a respectful silence in matters of fact.

The Duchess of Longueville wrote herself to the Pope on the subject. Clement IX. had then just entered on his pontificate. He was a man of a pacific disposition, and had long deplored the divisions of the church. He immediately issued a brief of reconciliation. This act was termed

the pacification of Clement IX. It took place in 1668.

The prison-doors were immediately opened. M. Arnauld was introduced at court. The recluses returned in peace to Port Royal. The nuns were released from their long confinement. The confessors and directors were restored. Universal felicitations were made to the Jansenists. Even the Gallican clergy and the Archbishop of Paris, who had declared them rebels and heretics joined in congratulations. They found no difficulty, at the King's request, in proclaiming their perfect orthodoxy and sanctity. The joy of the common people was unbounded; for they had always considered the Jansenists as saints. But above all, the joy of the venerable directors was great when they found that their flock, though so long scattered, had individually deepened in piety. They were as the three children coming out of the furnace, not only with their clothes unsinged, but loosed from the bonds with which they entered.

The period which immediately succeeded this persecution, was the brightest in the annals of Port Royal. The fame of this seclusion was extensively spread. Its reputation, both for learning and sanctity, were firmly established. The number of nuns and of recluses became augmented in a degree far exceeding that of any former period. Amongst several of the new recluses were persons of very large fortune. Considerable sums

were expended in enlarging the monastery and gardens. The Duke of Luynes and M. de Bagnals had each appropriated immense sums to add to the abbey. The former of these gentlemen alone built an additional dormitory containing seventy-two cells. The Duke of Liancourt also and Madame de Longueville built several new apartments. Port Royal des Champs became one of the most spacious abbeys in all France. It contained nearly two hundred nuns, besides a very considerable number of ladies, who had apartments in the monastery, and whose piety induced them to wish to board there without assuming the monastic habit. The recluses also had very considerably increased their numbers, and the celebrity of Port Royal had trebly multiplied the number of those friends, who wished to be under their direction. Families of rank, affluence, and piety, who did not wish to quit their avocations in the world, built themselves country houses in the valley of Port Royal, in order to enjoy the society of its pious and learned inhabitants. Amongst this class were the Duchess of Longueville, the Duke and Duchess of Luynes, and of Liancourt.

The Port Royalists might now be divided into three general classes. The nuns who occupied the monastery and followed the rule of Cisteaux. The recluses, who led a retired life, free from all luxury, or unnecessary intercourse with men, and who each served the whole community by follow-

They have frequently with a cheerful countenance made a liberal donation, when at the same time they had not wherewith to purchase food for the next meal.

Thus affairs continued till the year 1710. At that period its final destruction was resolved upon. M. d. Argenson with 300 archers invested Port Royal des Champs. The nuns were seized and placed in separate carriages. Each was guarded by armed men. They were not allowed even ten minutes to take a last adieu of each other and of Port Royal. They sat out at a very advanced season of the year, and without having broken their fast. They were each conveyed to separate monasteries. There they were to be imprisoned for life. Many of them only survived a few days the hardship of their journey, and the brutality with which they were treated.

Scarcely were the nuns out of the house, when this abbey, so venerable for a succession of pious inhabitants, was abandoned to pillage. An hundred carts loaded with its spoils were taken away. The poor stood around weeping. A considerable sum was raised by the collection of the offerings made by the villagers, to purchase little relics of their beloved Port Royal.

Yet even this destruction could not satiate the vengeance of their implacable enemies. They were offended at the respect expressed by the neighbouring peasants to the ruined remains of Port Royal. They beheld with an envious eye the ve-

neration with which they visited the cemetery which contained the ashes of so long a succession of saints.

The house was razed to the ground; and even the very foundations ploughed up. The gardens and walks were demolished, and the dead were even torn from their graves, that not a vestige might be left to mark the spot where this celebrated institution had stood.

Such was the end of Port Royal! So terminated an institution which had so long shone a bright example of the union of piety and learning. It is surprising that a society which engaged so much attention scarcely a century ago, should now be so little known, in a country which daily enjoys the fruits of its labors. Whilst English youth owe the rudiments of ancient literature to Lancelot Arnauld, the formation of their taste to Racine and Pascal; whilst our countrymen derive learning from the labors of Tillemont, and piety from the works of Pascal, Nicole and Quesnel, surely no English reader ought to be indifferent to the untimely fate of Port Royal.

The following beautiful description of Port Royal is translated from a work of the Rev. M. Petitpied, entitled—"Obedientiæ credulæ vana Religio," vid. 2 vol. cap. 9. p. 21. It was written at the close of 1710, a very short time after the imprisonment of the nuns and before the final demolition of the monastery in 1711.

"Il n'y a point eu de monastere où la discipline régu-

liére se soit mieux soutenue. Jamais on n'a eu une maison plus sainte, plus éloignée de la corruption du monde, plus attentive aux loix de l'Eglise ; plus soumise aux pasteurs, plus attachée a toutes les règles.

" Le vœu de la pauvreté religieuse s'y observoit dans toute son étendue. Les sœurs ne possedoient rien en propre, tout étoit en commun parmi elles ; et encore dans l'usage de ces biens qu'elles possedoient en commun, quélle admirable simplicité, qu'elle moderation, quel éloignement du faste et de la vanité ! Tant qu'il leur a été permis de recevoir des filles a la profession de la vie religieuse, jamais une riche dot n'a été le prix du vœu de la pauvreté et leur maison toujours fermée a la faveur, à la recommendation, aux intérêts humains ne s'ouvroit qu'à la vertu eprouvée et à la vocation clairement reconnue. On les voyoit pleines de respect pour les meres, mais de ce respect qui produit l'amitie et la confiance. Elles vivoient ensemble dans la plus parfaite union. Les entretiens avec les personnes du dehors étoient rares, mais sans familiarité, et toujours sous les yeux d'une assistante.

" On admiroit ce profond silence qui régnoit dans la maison, cette modestie sérieuse, cette uniformité dans les exercises, cette application continuelle à la priére, ces larmes si douces, et si consolantes, qui en étoient le fruit, ces lectures également pieuses et solides, éloignées de toute vaine curiosité, ces aumones versées avec abondance dans le sein des pauvres. La vie y étoit austere et frugale, le sommeil court, les veilles longues, et fréquentes, les jeûnes soutenus jusqu'au soir, la foi pure, l'esperance animée, la charite brulante. L'interieur de la maison étoit pour les jeunes filles, un ecole de vertu, et de piété ; l'exterieur ètoit rempli de laïques vertueux, qui s'éxerçoient courageusement dans les plus rudes travaux de la penitence. Helas, qui peut dire combien il s'y est formé de saints qui ne sont connus que de Dieu seul, et dont les cendres sont cachées dans ces lieux jusqu' au tems de la manifestation !

" Que dirai je de l'office public de l'Eglise! Quel concours nuit et jour. Quelle assiduité! Quelle persévérance! Quelle violence pour me servir de l' expression de Tertullien, ne faisoit on point à Dieu, par l'union de ces prieres si ferventes et si animées! Les cérémonies s'y faisoient avec dignité, mais sans pompe, et avec une simplicite édifiante. Le chant ravissoit: vous auriez cru entendre des Anges. C'étoit des voix douces, distinctes, articulées, harmonieuses, touchantes, qui attendrissoient jusqu'à faire répandres des larmes, et qui remplissoient en même tems le cœur de joie et de consolation.

" L'auguste majesté de Dieu se faisoit sentir dans ces saints lieux. Jesus Christ présent sur l'autel y étoit adoré continuellement, nuit et jour, sans interruption. Les saints mysteres y étoient offerts avec une terreur sainte, religieuse, et pleine de foi. L'ardent amour que ces piéuses filles avoient pour Jesus Christ, leur faisoit desirer sans cesse et recevoir souvent la divine Eucharistie, avec un empressement et un feu, dout l'activité pourtant étoit quelquefois retenue par un vif sentiment d'humilite et de penitence.

" O sainte vallée! O sacrée demeure! O cendres des saints qui reposent dans ces lieux! Le monastere de Port Royal peut bien être renversé: mais la postérité saura, ce que ni la suite des siécles, ni l'iniquité des hommes ne feront jamais oublier, que cette maison si sainte, a peri enfin, non pas par aucun crime qui s'y soit commis, non par l'ambition des religieuses, non par aucun différend survenu entre elles, non par de folles et excessives dépenses, non par des édifices somptueux témérairement entrepris, non par le relâchement de la discipline, qui depuis cent ans qu'elle a été etablie dans ce monastere s'y est toujours également soutenue; mais, ce qui est incroyable, par un scrupule religieux, et par un attachement inviolable à la sincérité chrétiénne. Chose inouie jusqu'à nos jours! Et quand même il n'en resteroit aucun monument écrit; les ruines même de ce lieu, si digne de vene-

ration, éleveront, pour ainsi dire leur voix, et serviront de témoignage eternel!"

This exquisitely beautiful passage could only be spoiled by a translation.

The foregoing pages, though so long for a note, yet only convey a general idea of the institution. Many of the principal characters would each require a distinct account. Several very rare works relative to Port Royal have fallen into the Editor's hands, who has completed a large compilation from them. It may, perhaps, hereafter be presented to the public.

NOTES.

NOTE—PAGE 2.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES was a native of the diocese of Geneva. He was born in 1567, at the Chateau de Sales. The Count de Sales, his father, intended him for the law, in which his talents soon procured him distinction. The early and deep piety of Francis soon led him to entertain other views. At the early age of eighteen he solemnly dedicated himself to the service of God, and determined to renounce all secular pursuits. He relinquished his title in favour of his brother; and entered himself into the church. His fervent piety soon rendered him conspicuous. He was appointed to a laborious mission amongst the Calvinists and Zuinglians. They chiefly inhabited the region immediately surrounding the Alps. The hardships which St. Francis underwent in this undertaking, were prodigious. His escapes at times appeared almost miraculous. The success with which these missions were crowned, was almost unexampled. He is said, in the short space of twelve years, to have been instrumental in proselyting seventy thousand persons.

St. Francis de Sales was nominated Bishop and Prince of Geneva, in 1602. The piety of men of equally deep religion often assumes distinct characters, according to the peculiar service they are designed by God to render the church. St. Francis de Sales holds one of the first ranks amongst enlightened mystics. The deep piety and spirituality which breathes throughout his works, is said by some, to have formed the early taste of Fénélon. It is certain that the archbishop of Cambray was a great admirer of his writings. It forms a singular coincidence, that he was not only named after St. Francis, but bore so striking a resemblance, in every part of his character, to the bishop of Geneva.

St. Francis de Sales, at the express desire of the Duke of Savoy, had a long interview with Theodore Beza. They parted with mutual esteem; but neither convinced the other.

St. Francis had formed a peculiar friendship with the Baroness de Chantal, a lady of deep piety, who had placed herself under his direction.

In 1610 he instituted a new religious society, entitled The Order of the Visitation. He placed his friend Madame de Chantal at the head of it.

St. Francis was universally beloved and respected. Cardinal Perron was used to say of him, "My arguments indeed convince heretics; but his example alone converts them." This observation is similar to that which the Queen of Poland afterwards made on Bossuet and Fénélon. "Bossuet," said she, "convinces us of the truth of Christianity; but Fénélon makes us love it."

The Princess Christina of France once presented the bishop with a very valuable diamond ring. She requested him to wear it as a testimony of her esteem. Above all, she desired him never to part with it. "Not," said he, "unless the poor should want it."

One day, his steward informed him that he had just gained a very important law-suit. It had been instituted to recover the revenues of the bishopric, which some persons in the diocese had unjustly and fraudulently seized upon.

The steward told him, he was about to make them refund to the uttermost farthing; the sum being very considerable. Faithfulness, returned St. Francis, obliged me to begin a law-suit, which involved the rights of my successor: Christian love obliges me to remit the demand, for the pleasure of winning the hearts this contest may have estranged.

He died 1622, after having led the life of an Irenæus, or a Polycarp.

His works have been the favorite companions of christians of all denominations. The most celebrated are, Traité de l'Amour de Dieu, 3 vols. in 12mo. well abridged in one, by Tricalet. Lettres Spirituelles, 2 vols. folio. Solide et Vraie Piété, 1 vol. 12mo. His life is written by several authors. That by the Abbé Mor*sollier* (2 vols. in 12mo.), is most esteemed. It is well worth the

perusal. The abridgment of his Esprit (one thick vol. in 12mo.) is also much valued. It is a scarce work, and is more esteemed than the original, which was written by his friend Camus, Bishop of Bellay. This work in 6 vols. 8vo. is wearisome, from its tedious and minute details. The life of Madame de Chantal is also very interesting. It is an almost indispensable accompaniment to that of St. Francis. It is likewise written by the Abbé Marsollier, in 2 vols. 12mo. Several other accounts of Madame de Chantal are indeed published, but this is the best.

Note—page 20.

The Grande Chartreuse was burnt down a very few years after the date of Lancelot's visit there. It was however soon rebuilt.

The popular legend of Raymond Diocres seems to require some animadversion. First published by Gerson, it was in the middle ages currently received as a fact. It has been since immortalized by the pencil of Le Sueur, in his set of paintings for the Chartreuse. It was necessary to mention the story therefore; although now generally abandoned as a legend. May it not, however, be, that modern incredulity is as much mistaken in wholly rejecting, as ancient superstition was in unreservedly admitting this story. It is well known that complaints, producing sudden seizures, were not so well understood then, as they have been since. The symptoms too of death were not so infallibly ascertained. It is also known that the customs, both of almost immediate interment, and of exposing the body in open coffins, or biers, were formerly very prevalent. These circumstances being combined, may it not be possible, that Raymond was really seized with some sort of fit, and that he might have been supposed dead? Might not the strong stimuli of lights and powerful music, have roused him from his lethargy? If so, it does not appear impossible that an evil conscience, and the horror of his situation, might have extorted some exclamation which the tradition of a few centuries has since manufactured into the legend related by Gerson. This, however, is offered as a mere conjecture. Possibly the whole incident may be altogether fabulous.

It appears truly wonderful that so absurd a legend should have been received, with an unqualified assent, near our own times. Peter Poiret does not scruple, in his life of Antoinetta Bourignon, to blame the Port Royal writers for having called in question its authenticity.

Note—page 27.

Nicholas Pavillon, Bishop of Alet (otherwise Alais or Aleth) died in disgrace in 1677. The court never forgave him for refusing his assent to the persecutions of the Jansenists. There are memoirs of his life in 2 vols. in 12mo. They are well calculated for edification. The Bishop of Aleth was uncle to Elienne Pavillon the poet.

Note—page 38.

Robert Bellarmin was born at Monte Pulciano, in 1545. He was nephew to Pope Marcellus the Second. He entered the society of Jesuits at eighteen. He did honour to their company by his deep piety, his extensive learning, and his brilliant talents. His abilities began to be developed at a very early age. So highly was he esteemed, that he was commissioned to preach, even before he entered into holy orders. In this respect he resembled Bossuet and Fénélon. They each delivered sermons in public before they attained the age of fifteen. Bossuet's discourse being pronounced at eleven o'clock at night, it was observed, that no sermon had ever before been preached, either so early or so late.

Bellarmin entered the priesthood in 1569. He was consecrated by Cornelius Jansenius, Bishop of Ghent. This Jansenius is not to be confounded with the Bishop of Ypres. Bellarmin was then professor of theology at Louvain. His preaching was highly celebrated. Not only catholics, but protestants, continually thronged his church. They even came from England and Holland on purpose to hear him.

After seven years' residence in the low countries, Bellarmin returned to Italy. He was appointed professor of polemics by

Gregory the 13th, in the new college which he had just instituted. Sixtus the 5th, afterwards raised him to the office of theologian to the French legate. Nine years afterwards, Clement the 8th, created him Cardinal. He received the purple in 1599. The Pope gave the following reason for bestowing the Cardinal's hat on Bellarmin; "That he wished to have one man near his person, who at all times spoke the truth." He was afterwards made Archbishop of Capua, in 1601.

Bellarmin was equally conspicuous for piety and polemic ability.

He every year disposed of a third of his income in acts of charity. He visited the sick in hospitals, and the prisoners in the most loathsome gaols. The expedients to which he had recourse do equal honour to his charity and humility. When he saw persons in straitened circumstances, who might be wounded at receiving alms, he frequently retained them at a large salary, to distribute his charities to the poor. It appeared at his death that a very considerable number of persons of this description were employed by the Cardinal.

They were each under the strictest injunctions, neither by mentioning his name, or otherwise, to afford the least clue by which he might be suspected as the author of the immense charities they were employed to administer.

Cardinal Bellarmin's benevolence appeared at all times the spontaneous result of a truly christian heart.

He once gave his ring in pledge to relieve a distressed object. He happened to have no money about him at the moment. Bellarmin died, exhibiting the most profound humility, and the most fervent faith.

The controversial works of Cardinal Bellarmin may be considered as the arsenal, from which the Romish church has derived her strongest weapons against protestantism.

Nevertheless, the works of this great man are not, in all respects, to be adopted as a true criterion of the faith of that church which he so ably defended.

His views of the supremacy of the Pope are widely different to the opinions established in the Romish church. He is accused by Catholic writers of insisting on the authority of the Pope, even in opposition to that of general councils. They have also accused

him of extending the jurisdiction of the Papal see, from spirituals to temporals. He has been much blamed by Catholic authors for entertaining and expressing sentiments, on this head, in direct opposition to those explicitly maintained by all the Catholic universities. Those indeed must be excepted which are under the immediate influence of the ultramontane opinions.

Bellarmin died in 1621. His works are numerous and highly valued. His life was published 1625, in octavo, by Fuligati. A French and Latin translation of this work appeared in 1626.

Protestants have been accused of spreading very false accounts respecting the latter end of this great and good man; such, notwithstanding his mistakes in judgment, he certainly was.

Note. M. De Rance.

When M. de Rancé began his reform, many little indications of his early character were mentioned. It was remembered that, when a child, he spoke with enthusiasm of the hermits of Egypt. Whilst at Rome too, it was his favorite recreation to wander alone, for hours, amidst the obscure and dreary recesses of the catacombs.

The life of the Abbé de la Trappe is well worth reading, from its curiosity. Three accounts of him are published. One by Villefore, another by Meaupeaux, a third by Marsollier. The two last are the most esteemed. Meaupeaux's is thought the most eloquent; Marsollier's is esteemed the most correct. Meaupeaux is the panegyrist of his beloved and intimate friend; Marsollier the faithful historian of a character, whom he represents as most eminent for piety, but yet not devoid of some harmless frailties, and many eccentricities more singular than needful.

The French say that Marsollier narrates the life, and Meaupeaux pronounces the funeral panegyric of M. de Rancé. A fourth written by Le Nain, is, however, the best.

Dom Armand de Rancé is the author of several valuable works. His chief publications are, Lettres Spirituelles, 2 vols. 12mo. Sainteté des études, et des devoirs Monastiques, also 2 vols. 12mo. Instructions Chretiennes, also in the same number of vols. Reglements de l'Abbaye, notre dame de la Trappe, et les instructions

données a Clairets, 1 vol. 12mo. Institutions de la Trappe. Vies de plusieurs solitaires de la Trappe.

There is much in these works highly edifying. They are all curious, inasmuch as they unfold the workings of a mind so singular.

The Abbé de la Trappe was not free from trials in his own convent. He was, like St. Paul, often tried by false brethren, crept in unawares. His conduct on these occasions, with the account of his death, is truly interesting to every Christian reader. He completed the century; and expired, relying on the alone merits of his Savior, in the year 1700.

The Abbé de Rancé's favorite books were, The Imitation of Christ, commonly ascribed to Thomas à Kempis. The Lives of the Fathers of the Desert, and Cardinal Bellarmin's Art of Dying Well.

Addenda on the Interior of La Trappe.

In 1765, the number of religious, at La Trappe, amounted to 69 monks, 56 lay brothers, and 9 freres données. Silence is so strictly observed, that it is said, some of its inhabitants have died, rather than break it, by asking for necessary assistance. The author of the *precis* adds, that this practice is grounded on the words "*Sedebet solitarius et tacebet.*"

The cells are furnished with a small table, a straw chair, a wooden box without any lock, and two tressels, on which, at night, they lay the plank which supports their mattress.

Invalids are not allowed to keep their beds. In the most severe illnesses, they rise at three in the morning. Nor is it allowed ever to lean against their chairs in the course of the day to rest.

M. de Nonancourt mentions a singular anecdote concerning La Trappe.

Two brothers had lived together in the monastery for twelve years without knowing each other. The eldest being at the point of death, told the Rev. Father Abbé, that he had but one subject of uneasiness; which was, that he had left an only brother immersed in the dissipation of the world. The Abbé immediately sent for him, and they embraced each other with the greatest affection just before he expired.

The cemetery of La Trappe is quite unadorned. In the centre is a small chapel, containing the monument of M. de Rancé. His figure is carved at full length in a recumbent posture. The graves of the brethren are without, in the burying ground They are marked by simple wooden crosses, inscribed with the names and ages of the persons.

When Count Rosemberg became a monk at La Trappe, he refused to see his own mother. The Chevalier Albergotti manifested the same inflexibility towards an intimate friend. This gentleman's affection was so strong, that he at length resolved to become himself a monk, in the same convent with his friend. Notwithstanding this prodigy of friendship, Albergotti never once lifted up his eyes upon him.

The death of Louis the Fourteenth was not known at La Trappe, for a very considerable space of time after it took place. It has been said, that it was not known for years, but by the Rev. Father Abbé.

It is said, on good authority, that a nobleman, having taken a journey of five hundred leagues, purposely to see La Trappe, could, in the neighbouring villages, scarcely find one person who knew where it was situated.

This anecdote, as well as the difficulty of finding the path to La Trappe (a circumstance mentioned in every account of this monastery) appears very difficult to reconcile with other facts, also related in the same works. It is repeatedly said, that, on an average, this seclusion is visited by six thousand strangers every year; and that from 12 to 15 hundred poor are fed there, and otherwise relieved twice every week. It seems difficult to conceive how a road can be untracked, which is passed a hundred and sixty thousand times every year. The chant in use at La Trappe is the Gregorian, or plain chant.

James the Second's Visit to La Trappe.

Amongst the most frequent visitors of La Trappe, was the unfortunate James the Second. An account of his first visit may, perhaps, prove not unacceptable to the English reader. It is supplied

in this note, instead of being inserted in the text, because it took place some years subsequent to M. Lancelot's tour.

James the Second had heard of La Trappe in the days of his prosperity. After his misfortunes, he resolved to visit a seclusion he had so long felt a curiosity to see. This design was not executed till after his return from his unsuccessful expedition to Ireland.

He arrived at La Trappe in the evening of the 20th of November, 1690. As soon as M. de Rancé heard he was come, he went forth to meet him at the door of the monastery. The king was on horseback. As soon as he alighted, the Abbé prostrated himself before him. This is the custom with respect to all strangers. Nevertheless, it was in this instance, performed in a manner expressive of peculiar respect.

The king felt pain at seeing the Abbé in this humiliating posture before him. He raised him up, and then entreated his benediction. This the Abbé gave, accompanying it with a speech of some length. He assured his majesty he thought it a great honor to see a monarch who was suffering for the sake of Christ; who had renounced three kingdoms from conscientious motives. He added, that the prayers of the whole community had been constantly offered up in his behalf. They had continually implored heaven to afford him renewed strength, that he might press on in the power of God, till he should receive an eternal and immortal crown.

The king was then conducted to chapel. They afterwards conversed together for an hour. James joined in the evening service; by which he appeared much edified and consoled.

The king's supper was served by the monks, and consisted of roots, eggs, and vegetables. He seemed much pleased with all he saw. After supper, he went and looked at a collection of maxims of christian conduct, which were framed and hung up against the wall. He perused them several times; and expressing how much he admired them, requested a copy.

Next day the king attended the chapel. He communicated with the monks. This he did with great devotion. He afterwards went to see the community occupied at their labor for an hour and an half. Their occupations chiefly consist of ploughing,

turning, basket-making, brewing, carpentry, washing, transcribing manuscripts, and bookbinding.

The king was much struck with their silence and recollection. He however asked the Abbé, if he did not think they labored too hard. M. de Rancé replied, "Sire, that which would be hard to those who seek pleasure, is easy to those who practise penitence."

In the afternoon the king walked for some time on a fine terrace, formed between the lakes surrounding the monastery. The view from this place is peculiarly striking.

His Britannic majesty then went to visit an hermit, who lived by himself in a small hut, which he had constructed in the woods surrounding La Trappe. In this retreat he spent his time in prayer and in praise; remote from all intercourse with any one, excepting the Abbé de la Trappe. This gentleman was a person of rank. He had formerly been distinguished as one of the bravest officers in King James's army. On entering his cell, the monarch appeared much struck and affected with the entire change in his demeanor and expression of countenance.

In a short time he recovered himself. After a great variety of questions on the part of the king, he at length asked him, "at what hour in the morning he attended the service of the convent in winter?" He answered, "at about half-past three."

But returned Lord Dumbarton, who was in the king's suite, "Surely that is impossible." "How can you traverse this intricate forest in the dark; especially at a season of the year, when, even in the day time, the road must be undiscernible from the frost and snow?"

"My Lord," replied the hermit, "I should blush to esteem these trifles as any inconveniences, in serving a heavenly monarch; when I have so often braved dangers, so far more eminent, for the chance of serving an earthly prince."

"You are right," returned the king. "How wonderful that so much should be sacrificed to temporal potentates; whilst so little should be secured by serving him, the only King, immortal and invisible, to whom alone true honor and power belong. That God who has done so much for us!"

"Surely, however," continued Lord Dumbarton to the hermit, "you must be thoroughly tired with passing all your time alone in this gloomy forest."

"No," interposed the king; himself replying to the question, "he has indeed chosen a path widely different to that of the world. Death, which discovers all things, will shew that he has chosen the right one."

The king paused for a reply. None being made, he continued. "There is a difference," said he (turning to the hermit), "between you and the rest of mankind. You will die the death of the righteous, and you will rise at the resurrection of the just. But they" . . . .

Here he paused; his eyes seemed full of tears, and his mind absent, as if intent on painful recollections.

After a few moments, he hastily arose, and taking a polite and kind leave of the gentleman, returned with his retinue to the monastery.

During his whole stay, the king assisted at all the offices. In all of them he manifested a deep and fervent devotion. His misfortunes seemed to have been the means of awakening his heart, to worship God, in spirit and in truth.

Next day the king prepared to depart at an early hour.

On taking leave, he threw himself at M. de Rancé's feet; and with tears requested his parting benediction.

The Abbé bestowed it in a most solemn and affecting manner.

The king, on rising, recognized the monk on whose arm he leant to get up. He was a nobleman who had long served in his army *(The Hon. Robert Graham)*. "Sir," said the king, addressing himself to him, "I have never ceased to regret the generosity with which you made a sacrifice of a splendid fortune in behalf of your king. I can, however, now grieve at it no longer; since I perceive that your misfortunes in the service of an earthly monarch, have proved the blessed means of your having devoted your heart to a heavenly one.

The king then mounted his horse and departed.

James the Second, from that period, repeated his visits to La Trappe, annually.

On these occasions he always bore his part in the exercises of the community. He often assisted at the conferences of the monks, and spoke with much unction. It is said that the king's character appeared to undergo a strikingly perceptible, though a progressive, change.

He every year appeared to grow in piety and in grace; and he evidently increased in patience and submission to the divine will.

In 1696, the queen accompanied the king to La Trappe. She was accommodated for three days with all her retinue in a house adjoining the monastery, built for the reception of the commendatory abbots. She was much pleased with her visit, and expressed herself to be not less edified than the king.

Both of them entertained sentiments of the highest veneration for M. de Rancé. Their acquaintance, thus begun, was soon matured into a solid friendship.

They commenced a correspondence which was regularly maintained on both sides till M. de Rancé's death.

There is reason to believe that a very considerable change was wrought in the king's mind, in consequence of his intimacy with the Abbé de la Trappe. Whether this change amounted to that total renewal of heart spoken of by the apostle, there are, perhaps, not data sufficiently clear to ascertain.

The following are the terms in which the king expressed himself respecting M. de Rancé.

"I really think nothing has afforded me so much consolation since my misfortunes, as the conversation of that venerable saint, the Abbé of la Trappe. When I first arrived in France, I had but a very superficial view of religion; if, indeed, I might be said to have any thing deserving that name. The Abbé de la Trappe was the first person who gave me any solid instruction with respect to genuine Christianity.

"I formerly looked upon God as an omnipotent creator, and as an arbitrary governor. I knew his power to be irresistible. I therefore thought his decrees must be submitted to, because they could not be withstood. Now, my whole view is changed. The Abbé de la Trappe, has taught me to consider this great God as *my father*; and to view myself as adopted into his family. I now

can look upon myself as become his son, through the merits of my Savior, applied to my heart by his Holy Spirit. I am now convinced, not only that we ought to receive misfortunes with patience, because they are inevitable, but I also feel assured, that death, which rends the veil from all things, will probably discover to us as many new secrets of love and mercy in the œconomy of God's providence, as in that of his grace. God, who gave up his only Son to an accursed death for us, must surely have ordered all inferior things by the same spirit of love."

Such were King James's sentiments respecting M. de Rancé. The Abbé, on the other hand, entertained as high an opinion of him. The following passage concerning the unfortunate King of England, occurs in one of M. de la Trappe's letters to a friend.

"I will now speak to you concerning the King of England. I never saw any thing more striking than the whole of his conduct. Nor have I ever seen any person more elevated above the transitory objects of time and sense. His tranquillity and submission to the divine will are truly marvellous. He really equals some of the most holy men of old, if, indeed, he may not be rather said to surpass them.

"He has suffered the loss of three kingdoms; yet his equanimity and peace of mind are undisturbed. He speaks of his bitterest enemies without warmth. Nor does he ever indulge in those insinuations, which even good men are too apt to fall into, when speaking of their enemies. He knows the meaning of two texts of Scripture, which are too much neglected 'It is *given* you to suffer,' and 'Despise not the gift of God.' He, therefore, praises God for every persecution and humiliation which he endures. He could not be in a more equable state of mind, even if he were in the meridian of temporal prosperity.

"His time is always judiciously and regularly appropriated. His day is filled up in so exact a manner, that nothing can be well either added or retrenched from his occupations.

"All his pursuits tend to the love of God and man. He appears uniformly to feel the divine presence. This is perhaps the first and most important step in the divine life. It is the foundation of all which follow.

"The Queen is in every respect influenced by the same holy desires.

"The union of these two excellent persons is founded on the love of God.

"It may be truly termed an holy and a sacred one."

Such were M. de Rancé's opinions of King James. It is impossible to doubt, but that the venerable Abbé de la Trappe was sincere in his expressions. To the English reader they will, perhaps, cause surprise.

Whatever sacrifices may have been made to any system of faith, it will appear difficult to join the Abbé de la Trappe, in ascribing them to the genuine influence of religion, whilst the person said to have made them, authorized the decisions of a Jeffries, or the executions of a Kirk.

Nor will it probably be thought that James's conduct respecting the Duke of Monmouth, can ever be reconciled with a profession of that religion, whose command it is, not to hide ourselves from our own flesh.

The Christian reader will, however, not, perhaps, draw so decisive a conclusion. Having himself experienced his blessed influence, he knows that the Divine Spirit can wholly and radically change the heart. It can take away the heart of stone, and bestow the heart of flesh. Old things may be wholly done away, and all things may become new. He knows too, that temporal misfortunes are often the method by which God, in mercy, inclines the human heart to listen to the voice of his Spirit. Nevertheless, where such a change really has taken place, it will be evidenced by corresponding fruits. A real dedication of heart to God must be evidenced by a devotion, not of forms and phraseology, but of heart and of life.

Many degrees of alteration may take place in the human heart; which yet may fall far short of a saving change.

Perhaps none is more common, because none is more cheap, than substituting a respect for religion and religious persons, in the place of an assiduous mortification of our own corruptions, a denying of ourselves, taking up the cross, and zealously following Christ.

It may be probable, as it is pleasing, to have any reasons for entertaining the hope, that this great change actually did take place in the instance of the unfortunate James. A considerate Christian would, however, join in M. de Rancé's eulogium with more full assurance, had there been some more solid proofs of his conversion, than a friendship for the monks of La Trappe.

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